

The Centre Reporter.

VOLUME { OLD SERIES, XL.
NEW SERIES, XVI.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1883.

NO. 24.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

All the officers of the Senate and House received, presents before the adjournment. Clerk Meek was presented with a silver tea-set.

Hendricks is in favor of the old ticket, Tilden and Hendricks.

Governor Pattison sent in about twenty vetoes to the legislature and all were sustained.

The Ohio Republicans last week nominated Judge Foreaker for Governor. Defeat is what they look for, and their candidate will come out hindaker.

The Democrats of Iowa last week nominated Judge Kinne for Governor.

The Legislature adjourned, Wednesday, 6, but the Governor called an extra session for next day, to do the work demanded by the Constitution, namely, pass an apportionment bill, which failed in the session just ended. The failure is the fault of the republican Senate, which offered an apportionment so outrageously unfair that no decent Democrat or honest legislator could vote for it. The Democrats have almost one half the voters in the state, yet the Republicans had the brazen faced impudence to frame apportionment bills that would give the Democrats only 9 out of the 28 congressmen and one-third of the 66 state senators, and about the same proportion of members in the lower house. It was simply an insult, and the Republicans of the Senate will compromise on nothing unless they secure about two-thirds of the congressional, judicial and legislative districts.

The Democrats were willing to allow the Republicans a majority in all the apportionments; even beyond what their vote for Garfield would entitle them too, but they would accept no such offer and this disagreement, followed by an adjournment, has forced Gov. Pattison to call an extra session that the requirements of the Constitution may be fulfilled.

The Morning Patriot says during the closing sessions of the legislature two laws were added to the list of commendable measures heretofore referred to in this journal. These were the bill prohibiting political assessments and Senator Humes' bill relating to the sinking fund. Both were designed to strike at the practice of polluting the ballot, and in so far as they accomplished that end are deserving of general endorsement.

On the first day of December, 1882, there was in the sinking fund \$2,017,000 cash. This money was deposited in some sixty favored banks, which should have brought the state at four per cent. \$80,880 per annum. On June 1 there was in the sinking fund \$2,793,000 cash, which, when invested in state or United States bonds, will save to the state \$80,000 per annum. But it does more for the people than saving them this money. It takes from the republican party this money that is now being used to subsidize favored banks and secure their assistance in political emergencies. There is still in the treasury belonging to the general fund more than \$2,500,000, the greater part of which, if applied according to the law the treasurer swears to support, would be carried to the credit of the sinking fund and then invested as directed in Senator Humes' bill.

The commissioners of the sinking fund should now see that the provisions of the new law are enforced. The act of 1874 has been disregarded by the present treasurer and his predecessor. If the neglect is continued the attorney general should put the machinery of law into force. The state treasury is but one of the many agencies employed by the republican party to corrupt the people and this source of debauching the people should be stopped.

Will members take mileage for the extra session without at all having left Harrisburg?

Will members take the \$100 extra postage steal for the extra session?

Will members take pay for the extra session after having already sat fifty days over time at \$10 per day without obeying the mandate of the Constitution?

Well, wait a spell and see.

The Legislature after meeting in extra session, adjourned to June 19. Which of the members will take \$10 per day, for these twelve days not in session. The people will wait and see, and the Reporter will print the names in due time.

The following romantic little story is reported from Reading: Twenty-five years ago John Hennes was a barber in this city. He then suddenly disap-

peared. When the war broke out his wife received a letter from him announcing that he was in the rebel army, having been conscripted. After that nothing more was heard from him and he was mourned as dead. His children grew up and a daughter was married. The other day Hennes put in an appearance and revealed himself to his wife, who is still unmarried, and to his daughter. He says that when with the army he marched to near Gettysburg and one night made his escape. He was recaptured, put on board a war vessel, where he continued for some time, and then made his escape. He traveled westward, was taken prisoner by Indians and was held captive for fifteen years. He learned a number of Indian dialects and was a member of the tribe. He made his escape at last and went to France and returned to America by way of Cuba.

China and France are on the eve of a war. A dispatch from Paris says war preparations on a great scale are being made in China. Three corps of troops are in readiness and a Chinese fleet is under orders to sail for Tonquin.

Denver and Colorado had a snow storm on Sunday. A summer snow storm would strike the Reporter as refreshing.

It seemeth to the Reporter there is too much lull in the Reform cry to be healthy. The cry did a little good and now to let it die out would be worse than before. Keep up the cry and let's have Reform from chimney top to cellar.

GOV. PATTISON CALLS FOR AN EXTRA SESSION.

To the Senate and House of Representatives—Gentlemen: By virtue of the authority invested in me by the constitution, I hereby convene you in extraordinary session, on Thursday, the 7th day of June, 1883, at 12 o'clock noon of that day.

In the judgement of the executive such an extraordinary session has arisen as to require the exercise of this power.

The constitution commands the general assembly, "immediately after each decennial census," to apportion the state into senatorial and representative districts. This imperative mandate has not been obeyed. By the joint rules of your houses the time has gone by when any bills disclosing a purpose to perform this duty can be presented to me for approval.

The obligation is imposed upon the governor to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." I deem it my duty, therefore, to exhaust my lawful authority to correct the grave default of the legislature.

THE APPOINTMENT ISSUE.

Equally important and necessary, though not so specifically commanded by law, is the duty of the assembly to apportion the state into districts. I therefore, designate the apportionment of the state into senatorial, representative, congressional and judicial districts, as subjects for legislative consideration.

The right of the people to fair, just and lawful representation in the legislative councils of the state and union is secured by the constitution and must not be denied. The importance of the right must not be overestimated. It is the essential principle of our form of government. It underlies our political rights. It is to be jealously guarded, carefully preserved and faithfully carried out.

THE GUIDE TO KEEP IN VIEW.

In addressing ourselves to these subjects we must keep constantly in view the guide provided in the constitution, directing that the legislative districts shall be "composed of compact and contiguous territory as nearly equal in population as may be." This is a plain and simple rule established for our guidance by the fundamental law. To follow it in its spirit will result in just conclusion. There ought not to be any doubt of the legislature speedily agreeing upon the subject designated for their consideration. It is their duty to agree. A further default in this matter will result in at least six years of the decade elapsing without the apportionment required by law being made. To prevent such an indefensible condition of affairs I have deemed it obligatory upon me to proclaim this call for an extraordinary session. I have selected a time for your assembly immediately succeeding the day of adjournment of your regular session, so as not to necessitate your recall after you had dispersed to your homes. In this way the expenses of the session will be lessened as the machinery for the conduct of the business of the assembly is hereby for use.

I reluctantly convene the legislature at this season of the year. Nothing but a sense of imperative duty compels me to adopt this course. I hope, however, that in a few days you will have conducted your labors to the satisfaction of the people, and having discharged your duties, will be able to return to your families and homes.

A GREAT REFORM.

The Pittsburg Post says one of the achievements of the State administration and the Democrats of the Legislature, aided by some of the Independent Republicans of the Senate, was the passage of a law presented early in the session by Senator Humes, of Crawford, requiring unexpended balances in the State Treasury above a certain amount, necessary for current expenditures to be invested in United States or State bonds.

This smashes the Treasury Ring, which for long years has been the curse of the Commonwealth, and the cause of great corruption in politics and legislation.

On the 1st of June, 1883, according to official reports, there were nearly three million of dollars (\$2,706,041.39) State funds deposited in banking institutions in the state. The interest on these unexpended balances has in times past formed part of the Republican campaign assessment fund and was one of the great levers of Cameron's power in the State, moving men not susceptible to other influences. The "Treasury Ring," of which the people heard so much, was the outcome.

It is a known fact that this system of utilizing unexpended balances has caused reckless speculation, grave public scandals and loss to the State.

It has gone down with the wreck of bosses and crush of ring power. The unexpended balances hereafter, instead of being a debasing and corrupting element in politics, will be a source of revenue to the treasury.

Illinois temperance people are rejoicing over the prospects of the passage of a high license act.

J. B. Reilly & Co., have purchased the Lycoming Chronicle, and already show journalistic ability.

THE BARBER BROTHERS.

All of the Five Men who Captured Them, Wounded.

Waverly, Iowa, June 7.—The capture of the noted Barber boys occurred at a farm house four miles south of Tripoli. During the day they had been concealed in a barn of a German farmer, named August Tegmeyer, and about 8 o'clock in the evening they went to the house and asked for some supper. Henry Tegmeyer, son of the farmer, recognized them and succeeded in conveying this fact to his father, whom he instructed to give the alarm to the neighbors. Harry remained at home to assist his mother in preparing the meal for the desperadoes. Several men, all of whom were Germans, accompanied the elder Tegmeyer to his home. They had no weapons save a shot gun, which, it was claimed, was not loaded. The intention was to surround the house, and when the boys came out to spring upon them and secure them before their suspicion could be aroused. This plan was baffled through the excitement of one of the men, who rushed into the house to secure the bandits, upon which the latter drew their revolvers and began firing promiscuously. Harry Tegmeyer sprang upon Bill Barber, knocking his hands away and caught him by the throat. The melee then became general and Bill was soon on the floor, out managed to continue firing over his shoulder. He managed to escape his pursuers for a moment, and leaning through an open window began firing at the men inside. By this time several of the attacking party were wounded. Finally one named Henry Page went outside the door and succeeded in pinioning like by the arms. Henry Karsting received a shot through the body, and said, "Boys I am going to die." He still continued to fight, and aided in tying both of the boys by the arms with a rope. Sixteen shots were fired by the outlaws, like emptying two weapons. Of the five brave men who made the attack all were wounded.

Waverly, Ia., June 10.—The Barber brothers were taken from jail by a mob at 11:30 o'clock Friday night and hanged to a tree half a mile east of the jail. The mob was composed of men from Fayette county, and was led by a brother of Deputy Sheriff Sheppard, who was killed by the Barber brothers last fall. The sheriff refusing to give up the keys, the mob battered down the prison doors with sledge hammers. Neither of them flinched a particle. The mob numbered about 200. Bill Barber said he had never killed a man till last fall. They had been accused of killing several men in Illinois but that was false. The barber said he had no hand in the killing of Sheppard, and never killed a man or assisted in doing so until within the past week. The leader of the mob has been captured. The county officers tried to protect the prisoners but it was all of no avail.

Harrisburg, June 7.—The Democratic program for a short adjournment of the Legislature, with a view to getting down to business at once in compliance with the Governor's proclamation and passing the apportionment bill, was carried out to-day without a jar, despite all the bigging of hopeful Cooper. The latter could not even get the support of his brother Stewart for proposition to take a recess until January without pay, and was forced to withdraw it without a vote. Although Wallace cited precedents in favor of taking up the work of the bills when the alarm was turned the regular session, Gordon and others were unwilling that any doubts should rest on the constitutionality or regularity of the action of the Legislature in so important a matter.

ter, and it was decided to begin *de novo* by the reading of the bills in place.

NEW SCHEMIS.
Nicholson presented a modified form of his original plan for Congressional apportionment, and McCracken submitted a revised edition of his gerrymander.

Senator Wagner read in place an entirely new scheme for Senatorial apportionment, giving the Republicans twenty-eight and the Democrats twenty-two of the State Senators.

Other bills were offered in both Houses, and the ground was covered. These several plans will be printed and placed on the calendars of members during the recess.

A better feeling seemed to exist on the part of the Republicans, who were so badly disappointed in not getting home yesterday after the recess was granted, and there is hope that when they return after their vacation they will approach their work in a different spirit from what they have heretofore shown. It rests entirely with the Republicans to say whether the session shall be unnecessarily prolonged. There is no good reason why all the bills should not be enacted into laws by July 1.

DEATH OF CHALMERS FLETCHER.

The particulars of the murder of Mr. Chalmers Fletcher were received by Rev. R. H. Fletcher from his son, Win S. Fletcher, Esq.

Carbello, the murderer, was foreman in the Tipton Times office for about five months prior to the last of April; about that time he left, telling the editor he would be back in a few weeks and take the job again. But the editor told him he need not come as he would not dismiss a man who might then be filling the position, if he was doing his work satisfactorily. The editor then sent for Chalmers, who was living in a neighboring town, and Chalmers took the position about the first of May last, and worked there continuously up to Saturday, May 26. On Saturday night Carbello returned and on Sunday morning he and Chalmers were introduced by another printer, who works in the same office. During the day they all three went to Clarkburg, a little town six miles distant, and returned to Tipton in the evening. It seems that Carbello had no eyes, so Chalmers took him with him to the hotel where Chalmers had boarded and invited him to sleep with him. They went to bed together and on Monday morning they took breakfast together. Chalmers paid the bill for both of them, and they started up town towards the printing office, which was on a corner square above. On their way up town they stepped into a furniture store and the proprietor told Carbello that "a button on his pants was open and that he had better fix it." Carbello thereupon turned to Chalmers and swore at him for not telling him his pants were open; Chalmers replied that he did not know it. They then walked out of the store and were quarreling about the matter as they walked up street until they got in front of a saloon, when Carbello suddenly turned and struck Chalmers with his fist. Chalmers then turned and hit him on the eye, knocking him down into the saloon door; they were separated immediately by the saloon men who were present and saw the transaction. By this time a crowd had gathered (this happened about 7 o'clock) and Chalmers made overtures with the fellow to make up, which he apparently accepted and every thing had the appearance of good feeling and friendship. The crowd then dispersed and Carbello walked away, going up to the Tipton Times printing office, where he procured a revolver and returned to the saloon. Meanwhile Chalmers walked across the street, stepping into a grocery store where he was acquainted and bought some tobacco; whilst in the store he talked about the matter with the groceryman and said it was all over and he guessed he would go up to the office and go to work. He then stepped out on the boardwalk and met an old man whom he knew and entered into a pleasant conversation. Whilst they were talking (and Chalmers had just said something about it being blue Monday, which were the last words he used,) Carbello came across the street from the saloon and approached the men unnoticed, and when he was within eight feet of Chalmers he exclaimed with an oath, "You are the man that hit me, and pointed his revolver at the same time. Chalmers immediately started forward (he evidently intending to get the revolver away from him) when Carbello fired, the ball entering his left side about an inch to the left of the nipple, passing through the upper part of his breast. Chalmers did not fall instantly, but reached the fellow and took hold of him, apparently endeavoring to get the revolver away. Of course this struggle only continued about fifteen seconds, when the bullet did its work, and Chalmers fell into the street, where he died in a few minutes. A great crowd gathered and the Marshal drew his revolver on the murderer and demanded his surrender. He was hand-cuffed and taken before the magistrate where he waived an examination and at noon he was conveyed to the county jail. A few minutes after the shooting a coroner's jury was summoned and a verdict rendered according to the foregoing facts, after which they carried Chalmers' body to the hotel where he boarded and placed him in the front parlor.

After the war he was commissioned a captain in the regular army, and was detailed as a member of Gen. Hancock's staff. In 1881 President Garfield appointed him Assistant Adjutant General, at Gen. Hancock's solicitation, and the position on Gen. Hancock's staff, which he previously occupied by detail, he subsequently held by virtue of his office. Gen. Hancock and Gen. Mitchell were the warmest of personal friends through all the years of their association together, and the eminent general sincerely mourns the loss of his efficient and warm-hearted assistant. Mitchell made friends of all his associates, and there is a large circle who sincerely mourn his death.—Lewistown Sentinel.

Norristown, Pa., June 6.—H. Childs was struck by lightning this afternoon while ploughing and instantly killed. His horse was also killed.

The grain warehouse of Douglas, Stewart & Forrest, at Chicago, was burned Saturday. Loss, \$100,000.

[Editorial from the Philadelphia Daily "Times," of May 29.]

"Nothing could exceed the delight with which the congregation, at the dedication of Second Advent, corner Broad and Mt. Vernon streets, on Sunday last, hailed the unique effect of the imitation stained glass decoration made by Mr. L. Smith, of this city. The cost was but a trifle yet no one could tell the difference, from the inside or outside, between this substitute and the most expensive cathedral stained glass. We understand the congregation of the Trinity Baptist and Second Presbyterian Churches, Camden, N. J., Trinity Reformed Church, Norristown, Pa., and other churches in this vicinity, have decided to similarly decorate their windows. A novel plan is for each Sunday school class to purchase the material and themselves decorate a window in their church as a memorial. We notice it is also being very extensively utilized in the decoration of windows, transoms, and screens in fashionable residences and stores, hotels, and halls, its durability has given general satisfaction."

As a suggestion to our readers, who delight in fascinating occupations, we copy the above. There are many windows that can, by means of this beautiful and inexpensive substitute, not only leave neighbors back yards, with their weak display of solid linen, black walls and the hold stare of insistent strangers, shut out, but the beauty of the rooms themselves greatly enhanced. Persons living in rented houses and those about to move into their summer residences can, if they prefer, attach the material to separate panes which can be temporarily tacked against the glass already in the window, and these can be removed and carried about from house to house. This beautiful substitute is brilliantly and durably oil-painted on large and small sheets, of tough translucent medium as thin as tissue paper can be safely sent by mail. Any one can apply it to glass already in windows, doors, transoms, etc. The humorously designed centers, corners, borders, fancy patterns, various bright colors and imitation lead lines are exquisite.

Workers from L. Lum Smith's Factory arrived from Philadelphia on Monday last to fill orders recently received for decorating a number of prominent residences, halls and places of business in Baltimore and suburbs. Probably the largest and most urgent order was for beautifying all the windows in the Academy of Music, on which the workmen immediately began and are now busily engaged. The work is of the most approaching opening.—Baltimore Daily Herald, June 6.

AS WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG.
"I have used Parker's Hair Balsam and like it better than any similar preparation I know of," writes Mrs. Ellen Perry, wife of Rev. P. Perry, of Coldbrook Springs, Mass. "My hair was almost entirely gray, but a dollar bottle of the Balsam has restored the softness, and the brown color it had when I was young—not a single gray hair left. Since I began applying the Balsam my hair stopped falling out, and it is thick and perfectly harmless and agreeable dressing."

the blaze and the firemen succeeded in preventing a spread of the fire to the adjoining canvas, under which was the cage of the wild beasts. The flames ran up the centre poles in a twinkling, and a gorgeous scene was presented on the lake front for a few moments, Michigan avenue for blocks being as light as day, while the shipping lying in the harbor was clearly outlined. The tugs in the harbor added to the uproar by incessant screaming of their whistles. The canvas and gny ropes being destroyed the centre poles were precipitated to the ground, crushing the private boxes and carrying the fire in among the reserved seats, causing their complete destruction. The night watchman in charge of the stable tents was apprised in time to enable the hostlers to lead out all the horses quietly. The wild animals had all been locked up for the night and, as they could not see the flames, were in no sense panic-stricken, although the smell of the smoke appeared to excite some of them. The actual loss of property is estimated at from \$15,000 to \$16,000, with no insurance, but the interruption of the performances may necessarily increase the loss very considerably to the showmen. The canvas destroyed covered six acres of ground and it is claimed to have been the largest single one in the world.

GEN. W. G. MITCHELL.

A brief local last week announced the death of Gen. Wm. G. Mitchell, Assistant Adjutant General on Gen. Hancock's staff. Gen. Mitchell died on Wednesday morning of last week, at Governor's Island, New York, of pneumonia. Funeral services were held there, and the remains were brought to Lewistown for interment, arriving here Friday morning. At four o'clock the remains were interred in St. Mark's cemetery. The funeral was attended by many friends of the deceased, and fourteen members of the original Logan Guards escorted the body to the grave.

Gen. Mitchell was a native of Lewistown, and was a son of Wm. B. Mitchell. He had been in the military services almost without interruption from the outbreak of the war until his death. He left Lewistown on the 17th of April, 1861, with the Logan Guard, under Capt. J. Heimer, and carried the banner of the company (still in the possession of Col. Selheimer) through Baltimore on the memorable 18th. Soon after he was made sergeant-major of the Seventh regt. After it was mustered out he became First Lieutenant of Capt. Macley's company in the Forty-ninth regiment. Subsequently he became aide-de-camp on Gen. Hancock's staff and for brave and meritorious conduct in service he was rapidly promoted, until at the close of the war he was brevet brigadier general of volunteers. He participated in quite a number of the severest battles of the war.

After the war he was commissioned a captain in the regular army, and was detailed as a member of Gen. Hancock's staff. In 1881 President Garfield appointed him Assistant Adjutant General, at Gen. Hancock's solicitation, and the position on Gen. Hancock's staff, which he previously occupied by detail, he subsequently held by virtue of his office. Gen. Hancock and Gen. Mitchell were the warmest of personal friends through all the years of their association together, and the eminent general sincerely mourns the loss of his efficient and warm-hearted assistant. Mitchell made friends of all his associates, and there is a large circle who sincerely mourn his death.—Lewistown Sentinel.

Norristown, Pa., June 6.—H. Childs was struck by lightning this afternoon while ploughing and instantly killed. His horse was also killed.

The grain warehouse of Douglas, Stewart & Forrest, at Chicago, was burned Saturday. Loss, \$100,000.

[Editorial from the Philadelphia Daily "Times," of May 29.]

"Nothing could exceed the delight with which the congregation, at the dedication of Second Advent, corner Broad and Mt. Vernon streets, on Sunday last, hailed the unique effect of the imitation stained glass decoration made by Mr. L. Smith, of this city. The cost was but a trifle yet no one could tell the difference, from the inside or outside, between this substitute and the most expensive cathedral stained glass. We understand the congregation of the Trinity Baptist and Second Presbyterian Churches, Camden, N. J., Trinity Reformed Church, Norristown, Pa., and other churches in this vicinity, have decided to similarly decorate their windows. A novel plan is for each Sunday school class to purchase the material and themselves decorate a window in their church as a memorial. We notice it is also being very extensively utilized in the decoration of windows, transoms, and screens in fashionable residences and stores, hotels, and halls, its durability has given general satisfaction."

As a suggestion to our readers, who delight in fascinating occupations, we copy the above. There are many windows that can, by means of this beautiful and inexpensive substitute, not only leave neighbors back yards, with their weak display of solid linen, black walls and the hold stare of insistent strangers, shut out, but the beauty of the rooms themselves greatly enhanced. Persons living in rented houses and those about to move into their summer residences can, if they prefer, attach the material to separate panes which can be temporarily tacked against the glass already in the window, and these can be removed and carried about from house to house. This beautiful substitute is brilliantly and durably oil-painted on large and small sheets, of tough translucent medium as thin as tissue paper can be safely sent by mail. Any one can apply it to glass already in windows, doors, transoms, etc. The humorously designed centers, corners, borders, fancy patterns, various bright colors and imitation lead lines are exquisite.

Workers from L. Lum Smith's Factory arrived from Philadelphia on Monday last to fill orders recently received for decorating a number of prominent residences, halls and places of business in Baltimore and suburbs. Probably the largest and most urgent order was for beautifying all the windows in the Academy of Music, on which the workmen immediately began and are now busily engaged. The work is of the most approaching opening.—Baltimore Daily Herald, June 6.

AS WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG.
"I have used Parker's Hair Balsam and like it better than any similar preparation I know of," writes Mrs. Ellen Perry, wife of Rev. P. Perry, of Coldbrook Springs, Mass. "My hair was almost entirely gray, but a dollar bottle of the Balsam has restored the softness, and the brown color it had when I was young—not a single gray hair left. Since I began applying the Balsam my hair stopped falling out, and it is thick and perfectly harmless and agreeable dressing."

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Marysville, Perry Co., June 10.—Yesterday afternoon, about one o'clock, a Harry Sloop, a twelve year old son of Josiah Sloop, of Rye township, Perry county, who lives about seven miles west of Marysville, on the Fishing Creek road took a mule to water at the creek. Upon returning to the barn the mule became frightened and jumped, throwing the boy off his back. The hitching strap to the bridle was very long and the lad had unthinkingly tied it about his waist to keep it off the ground. The strap held when the boy fell and the beast dragged the body about 200 yards before it was stopped, when it was found that the boy was trampled and bruised into a lifeless mass.

BLOODIED IN DALMATA.

Cattara, Dalmata, June 8.—A force of two hundred Turkish regulars which was marching to Sipensak was attacked and murdered on the 1st inst., by a body of Hottis. Accounts have been received here that sanguinary fighting took place on the second and third of this month in Albania between a force of Turkish troops under the command of Assym Pacha and a body of Constratis. The Turks are reported to have lost 1,300 men and the Constratis 600.

SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.

My wife was at the brink of the grave. She had been given up to die by three of Allegheny City's best physicians. They all pronounced her disease Consumption. Her finger-nails and lips were blue, was pulseless at the wrist; we were all called to witness her death. At this moment a neighbor brought in Dr. Hartman, who prescribed a teaspoonful of Parker's every hour. She improved from the first dose and in a week she was up, and now (less than six months) she is well. See page 30 in the "Life of Life," a book you can get gratis from your Druggist. If not, address Dr. Hartman, Osborn, Ohio, T. S. Eberlein, South Chicago, Ill.

Oranges and Florida.

Better than Breezes and Blossoms—Under a New Flag.

Even the balmy air and orange groves of Florida fail to keep its people full of happiness and comfort. Art must help nature everywhere—in the tropics as among the pines of the North. "And, chief among the blessings which are adapted to all zones," writes Dr. J. G. Wallace, of Fort Dale, Fla., "is Parker's Tonic. It seems to have the world for a field and the most cured diseases yield to its action. I have used it in the case of a delicate young lady, with the most gratifying results. It seemed to accomplish with ease what the prescriptions and treatment for that miserable malady—dyspepsia—failed woefully to bring about. I am glad to state that the Tonic has greatly relieved the personality of a troublesome atonic condition of the stomach of long standing. It is the ideal purifier and invigorant."

Messrs. Hixcox & Co. call special attention to the fact that, after April 16, 1883, the name and style of this preparation will hereafter simply be "Parker's Tonic." The word "Ginger" is dropped, for the reason that unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their patrons by substituting inferior preparations under the name of "Ginger"; and as ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient in our Tonic, we are sure that our friends will agree with us as to the propriety of the change. There will be no change, however, in the preparation itself; and all boxes remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of "Parker's Ginger Tonic," contain the genuine medicine if the signature of Hixcox & Co. is at the bottom of outside wrapper.

[NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Appeals will be held, at the County Commissioners office, Bellefonte, for the several townships and townships for Centre county as follows:—

Fallon, Monday, June 4.	4
Hart, Monday, June 4.	4
Ferguson, Tuesday, June 5.	5
Harris, Wednesday, June 6.	6
Colgate, do	6
Potter, Thursday, June 7.	7
Grove, Friday, June 8.	8
Fennell, Monday, June 11.	11
Mullinham, do	11
Haines, Tuesday, June 12.	12
Miles, do	12
Walker Wednesday, June 13.	13
Marrion, do	13
Howard, Thursday, June 14.	14
Howard town do	14
Liberty, Friday, June 15.	15
Corbin, do	15
Boyes, Monday, June 18.	18
Muesburg, do	18
Ilinston, Tuesday, June 19.	19
Union, do	19
Unionville do	19
Worth, Wednesday, June 20.	20
Taylor, do	20
Burnside do	20
Rush, Thursday, June 21.	21
Philadelphia do	21
Snow Shoe, Friday, June 22.	22
Benner, do	22
Spring, Monday, June 25.	25
Belleville, Tuesday, June 26.	26

From 9 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m., each day. The assessors with their assessments (assistants not required) are required to be in attendance.

JOHN WOLF, H. C. CAMPBELL, J. G. ORIST, Commissioners.

28th Year—55th Season

—FOR—

BAUGH'S STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

THEY HAVE STOOD THE TEST

AND CAN BE RELIED UPON.

Orders should be Sent in Early to Secure Our Cheap and Reliable

BAUGH'S 25-DOLLAR

PHOSPHATE,

—A Tried and Valuable Fertilizer.—

PRICE \$25 PER TON OF 2000 LBS.

On Cars or boats in Philadelphia.

—Guaranteed Analysis Printed on—

Each Bag.

Send for Circular. Address.

BAUGH & SONS,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

20 South Delaware Ave., Philad

24 May 61

Sanitary.

CURE FOR EARACHE.—There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and so difficult to cure as earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel handkerchief over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

CURE FOR LUMBAGO.—A correspondent in Smyrna, Turkey, sends the following, and states that it is reliable: Take a piece of oilskin cloth, such as we use to cover tables, but of soft, pliant kind, sufficiently large to cover the loins; place it over the flannel shirt, and bandage yourself with a flannel bandage; profuse perspiration will ensue on the loins, and you are quickly rid of the wearisome complaint.

HOW TO APPLY THE SODA REMEDY IN BURNS AND SCALDS.—It is now many years ago that the author, while engaged in some investigations as to the qualities and effects of the alkalis in inflammations of the skin, etc., was fortunate enough to discover that a saline lotion, or saturated solution of the bicarbonated soda in either plain water or camphorated water, if applied speedily, or as soon as possible, to a burned or scalded part was most effectual in immediately relieving the acute burning pain, and when the burn was only superficial, or not severe, removing all pain in the course of a very short time; having also the very great advantage of cleanliness, and, if applied at once, of preventing the usual consequences—a painful blistering of the skin, separation of the epidermis, and, perhaps, more or less of suppuration.

For this purpose all that is necessary is to cut a piece of lint, or old soft rag, or even thick blotting paper, of a size sufficient to cover the burned or scalded parts, and to keep it constantly wet with the sodalic lotion so as to prevent its drying. By this means it usually happens that all pain ceases in from a quarter to half an hour, or even in much less time. When the main part of a limb, such as the hand and forearm or the foot and leg, has been burned, it is best, when practicable, to plunge the part at once into a jug or pail, or other convenient vessel filled with the soda lotion, and keep it there until the pain subsides; or the limbs may be swathed or encircled with a surgeon's cotton bandage, previously soaked in the saturated solution, and kept constantly wet with it, the relief being usually immediate, provided the solution be saturated and cold. What is now usually sold as bicarbonated soda is what I have commonly used and recommended, although this is well known to vary much in quality, according to where it is manufactured; but it will be found to answer the purpose, although probably Howard's is most to be depended on, the common carbonate being too caustic. It is believed that a large proportion of medical practitioners are still unaware of the remarkable qualities of this easily applied remedy, which recommends itself for obvious reasons.—*F. Peppercorne, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Sensible French Workman.

M. Joffrin, the ultra-Radical representative of the working-classes in the Municipal Council of Paris, showed sound common sense in declining the challenge sent him by M. Crie, a writer on the staff of the *Citizen et Batouille*, whom he had offended, "This idiot," writes M. Joffrin to the *Prebureau* "ought to have understood that workingmen do not waste their youth in taking lessons of fencing masters, and that to fight a duel with a workman would be to play the part of an assassin." Furthermore, he says that the party to which he belongs, opposed as it is to conventionalities of every sort, has forbidden its members to sacrifice to the most absurd of them all—the duel. He concludes with a formidable threat. "I hope," he says, "one day to show the weight of a working mechanic's fist, even though he be a municipal councillor, on the nose of an imbecile bourgeois."

A mathematical professor had been invited by a city friend to visit him at his residence in a certain square, and had promised to do so. Meeting him sometime afterward his friend inquired of the professor, why he did not come to see him. "I did come," said the mathematician, "but there was some mistake. You told me that you lived in a square and I found myself in a parallelogram, so I went away again."

An old story is being revived of a prayer-meeting being held for a poor fellow's relief who had broken his leg. While Deacon Brown was praying a tall fellow, with an ox-goad knocked at the door, saying, "Father could not come but sent his prayers in the cart." They were potatoes, beef, pork and corn.

Agricultural.

GRASSES FOR PASTURE.—Woodburne Co., Iowa, intends to start a permanent pasture, and asks how much of each of the following grasses he should sow per acre, viz.: Timothy, Orchard-grass, Kentucky Blue-grass, English Blue-grass, Red-top, Alsike Clover, White Clover. We do not know what grass our correspondent has in mind as "English Blue-grass," as that is not a name in common use. As he does not enumerate Hard Fescue, which may well form a part of a pasture, we will substitute it for English Blue-grass, whatever that may be. We are not informed of the character of the soil, whether light or heavy, dry or moist. There has been very little done in this country in laying down permanent pastures with a mixture of grasses, and as we are without much experience to serve as a guide, our correspondent must look upon his attempt in the light of an experiment. The usual quantity of mixed seeds is from 40 to 45 pounds per acre. If we were to experiment with the grasses named, upon land of medium fertility, we should try the following proportions:

Timothy (Phleum pratense)	Lbs. 4
Orchard-grass (Dactylis glom. erata)	10
Kentucky Blue-grass (Poa pratensis)	8
Hard Fescue (Fescua ovina var. duriuscula)	8
Red-top (Agrostis vulgaris)	4
Alsike Clover (Trifolium hybridum)	2
White Clover (Trifolium repens)	4
Total	40

THE COMMON FOWL.—In the face of all that has been done to improve the breeds of poultry, it cannot be denied that the common fowl is still the favorite with the farmers. This is due to several causes. The common fowl receives but little attention, and, from long usage to exposure, has become instinctively habituated to the farms that contain poultry as a custom rather than for profit. The improved breeds are bred for certain qualities, and, unless the conditions are favorable, do not come up to popular expectation. If placed under adverse circumstances, they disappoint when compared with the common fowls, but it is due more to failure on the part of the improved breeds than to merit in the common kind. No common fowl ever lived that can compete for eggs with the leghorn blood. There is another point in favor of the majority of common fowls, which is that many of them are of the very best blood, being crosses of several breeds. They are a mixed, motley crowd, and on any farm we may visit there crop out the signs of Braham, Leghorn, Cochon, Hamburg or Polish blood. This is one of the causes of success, for experience has demonstrated that a crossed fowl has greater strength and vigor than a pure bred one. The crossed fowl is best adapted to general purpose, and while they are not bred for special results, experience teaches the average farmer, who has no time to bestow upon them, that they suit him better than any other. He supposes they pay better, because he has not given the others a fair trial.—*Practical Farmer.*

Care of Stock.

WATERING ANIMALS.—Those who ask that in the matter of watering animals they should be treated very much as we treat ourselves, are no doubt correct. One thing in the treatment of work horses in hot weather we are disposed to deprecate, viz: the custom of watering them three times a day and no more. It is simply cruelty on the part of man toward his beast, to compel the team to plow or mow from early morning until noon or from noon until night, without allowing it the privilege of a refreshing draught. It is inconvenient, many times, to water the team during the forenoon or afternoon and we are apt to think the time lost, but when the farmers' millennium comes, there will probably be drinking troughs in every field, supplied from some elevated spring, or from a running stream. In the meanwhile time "lost" in doing good, even though it may be in behalf of the dumb animals, is well "lost"—it may be regained.

CHANGING THE DIET OF COWS.—Those who have dairy cows need to be careful in changing their diet. There is a great deal to be thought of in this connection. It is a fact, well established by the experience of dairymen, that cows which are regularly fed with grain while they are at pasture, even if the pasture is fresh and plenty, will give more milk and make more butter or cheese than cows equally good, but living on grass only; yet if a liberal ration of meal is given to the cows living on the fresh grass, the first effect is to cause shrink in their milk; and if the cows which have become accustomed to have meal with their grass, have their meal suddenly taken away, they will also shrink, the pasture in both cases being equally fresh and plenty. The loss of milk in neither case can be charged to inferiority of the feed, since the changes in feed are the reverse of each other; while the effects are alike. The effect is due to a change in the action

of the stomach to adapt its character to the digestion of an established food.

Horses, with their Winter coats, sweat easily. When brought in warm, they should be rubbed dry and blanketed for an hour. Work horses should not be blanketed in the stable, but carriage horses, or those used only upon the road, may be kept warmly blanketed, for though by this they become more sensitive to cold, and must have more care, yet their coat does not grow so close and long, and they are much less likely to sweat when driven. Ground or crushed oats go farther, are better digested, and mix better with other feed than whole ones. They are the best Winter feed for horses, but may be mixed with corn or barley meal or wheat bran and middlings for work horses to advantage. Whole grain is not fed without waste.

In feeding for beef, the notions of each animal should be consulted—his preferences, likes and dislikes. The object of feeding usually is to get the animal to eat all that he will digest well. Hence a variety should be at hand, and the ration should be varied by feeding cooked, soaked or dry meal, as the case may be, with hay and roots. Take great care not to overfeed, and in case of over-feeding, let starvation be the cure. Thus the animal will soon take to feeding again, but will be less likely to fall off much in flesh, than if "physicked." Nature is the best physician.

Sheep should have airy, well-littered sheds, with plenty of sunshine, and protected from snow. One great advantage of keeping sheep is to convert straw into manure. Hence much litter is usually strewn in sheep sheds, to the distress of the sheep, unless they have hard places to lie upon, because their feet and legs get so hot. A few platforms like old doors, which can be shifted about every few days by turning over, will be greatly enjoyed, and will promote both health and comfort.

Push fattening hogs forward as rapidly as possible. Keep them warm and cleanly. Charcoal broken fine and mixed with the cooked feed, is an excellent regulator and tonic, aiding digestion, and promoting fattening to such an extent that it is hard to believe it does not serve as food.—*American Agriculturist.*

Domestic Economy.

SOFT GINGERBREAD WITH NUTS.—One full cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, worked together; one cup of good molasses, one cup of sweet milk, five cups of sifted flour, lightly measured, with one tablespoonful of ginger and two of cinnamon, both powdered. When all is well-beaten together, add the kernels from a pound of English walnuts, and bake in a flat pan.

ROAST SWEETBREADS make a delicate and delicious dish for lunch and breakfast. Slice it and dip the pieces in beaten egg and in bread crumbs till they are entirely covered, then put in a saucepan a lump of butter. When it has melted lay the slices in, put a lump of butter on each slice, cover the saucepan tightly, and let them cook from half to three-quarters of an hour. Serve on toast.

BROILED POTATOES.—Slice some cold boiled potatoes; cut from end to end, and about half an inch thick; butter the potatoes and dust with fine cracker crumbs; broil over hot, clear coals. Serve on a hot platter; garnish with little bits of parsley.

SAUCE PQUANTE.—Brown two or three slices of an onion in some butter. Add half a tablespoonful of flour, and a scantful of stock. Simmer together fifteen minutes; strain the sauce; add a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a little salt and cayenne, a tablespoonful of chopped pickled cucumber, and half a dozen chopped French capers.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.—Two tablespoonfuls of English cheese, finely grated, the yolks of three hard boiled eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, cheese and eggs, season to taste, cut small thin slices of bread, butter each slice, spread with cheese, fold together and serve.

TOASTED EGGS.—Cut the crust from slices of stale bread, dip each slice in beaten egg and fry in hot butter a delicate brown. Place the slices on a hot dish, break an egg on each slice of bread; place the dish under the hot coals in the range grate, lay some thin slices of ham on a small broiler, hold this over the eggs and bread so that the drippings from the ham will fall upon the eggs. Two or three minutes will cook the eggs. Serve with the toast.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD PUDDING.—Soak one and a half cups of tapioca over night in water. Place a quart of milk in a saucepan over the fire, and when at the boiling point pour it over the soaked tapioca, cut the outside peel from one lemon, and add to this for flavoring. Let it stand half an hour to cool; add one cup of powdered sugar; beat the yolks of four eggs in with the tapioca, then stir in quickly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Pour the tapioca into a well-buttered pudding dish. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

Our Young Folks.

THE LAZY BOY.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S PET BIRD.—Mr. DeWall, the photographer, has a little two-year-old son called Charlie, who is allowed to play in the yard. Charlie is of an investigating turn of mind, as well as a devotee of pleasure, mental combinations which led him to crawl under the house and afterwards to play there regularly. About three weeks ago he told his mother he had found a "bird" under the house that he played with, and almost every night since he has related happy stories of the beautiful times he has had beneath the house playing with his "bird." Last Saturday he was frolicking in the yard when his "bird," getting lonely came out to sport with him. He was running to it when his mother discovered that his "bird" was a huge black snake. A negro was at hand and being called despatched the reptile with a hoe.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

Here is a truth that the young must lay to heart.—It will be a sorry day for this world, and for all the people in it, when everybody makes his moods his masters, and does nothing but what he is inclined to do. The need of training the will to the performance of work that is distasteful; of making the impulses serve, instead of allowing them to rule, the higher reason; subjugating the moods instead of being subjugated by them, lies at the very foundation of character. It is possible to learn to fix the wandering thought, to compel the reluctant mental energy, to concentrate the power upon the performance of a task to which there is no inclination. Until this victory has been gained, life holds no promise; the achievement of this conquest is the condition of future success. No matter how great may be the natural gifts, unless there is a will that can marshal and command them, the life is sure to be a failure.

THE FORGIVING GENERAL.—Boys are apt to think that a forgiving disposition is the mark of a milksop, but that to show resentment is an exhibition of manliness. The fact is, as an English writer affirms, "the brave only know how to forgive. Cowards have even sought, but a coward never forgave." An anecdote associated with the great Methodist, John Wesley, and Gen. Oglethorpe, the founder of Savannah, Ga., illustrates the writer's meaning.

Mr. Wesley and Gen. Oglethorpe sailed in the same ship to America. One day, during the voyage, the clergyman hearing an unusual noise in the general's cabin, stepped in to inquire the cause of it.

"Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me," said the general, showing a good deal of temper. "I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the beverage that agrees with me the best of any. 'This villain Grimaldi,' he continued, pointing to his Italian servant, 'has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him.'"

"I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war that sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me, for I never forgive."

"Then, I hope, sir, that you never sin," said Wesley, looking him squarely in the face.

Confounded at the mild but pungent reproof, the general took a bunch of keys from his pocket and throwing them at his servant, said—

"There, villain! take my keys, and be have better for the future."

Fresh Fashion.

There is a great and steadily growing fancy for fine woollens as summer dresses. Cashmere and flannel are the favorite material for the *demi saison*, and nun's veillings, albatross and soft, all-wool cashmeres in evening shades are even more popular than silk for evening toilets. The handsomest of these are, indeed, made up in combination with, and over, silk of the same shade, the silk lining giving a silky sheen to the thin woollen fabric. Still many charming dresses have no silk about them, but are abundantly trimmed with lace and narrow ribbon, velvet or satin, as the case may be.

It is hard to say what is the favorite color of the moment. The purplish pink or Judic shades are the newest, and are much liked. Still, all the blues hold their own, from navy blue, electric blue and cadet blue, to the pale water tints. Grays, also, have a run of favor, and ashes of roses is among new revivals

in color. Mouse gray is popular, together with Russian and slate gray, while lichen gray, a sort of greenish gray, is a new favorite and first cousin to the new toxophilite green, which is grayish in tone. "Enraged rat" is rat-gray, with a tinge of red; "frightened rat" is rat-gray, with an ashen hue, and soap blue is less blue than gray. Strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry, apricot, peach, pippin-green and cabbage-green are also on fashion's list of new colorings, while the browns are legion in tobacco of Havana, chocolate, coffee, toast or burned bread, mahogany, seal copper, wood, earth, Zulu, and, latest of all, Zuni color.

Yellow is, of course, a prime favorite, but few women dare wear it for more than trimmings, except in such moderate shades as lemon, pale canary and the like, and that for evening dress.

In millinery, however, it has quite run away with us, and dandelions, buttercups, coreopsis, marigolds, the old-fashioned button roses, cowslips, Oscar Wilde's or dwarf sun-flowers, yellow chrysanthemums and jonquils blossom on three-fourths of the bonnets one sees. The yellow flowers look pretty, too, grouped with the favorite black lace and a pleasant change from the hitherto reigning red. Colored straws to match suits, and lace bonnets are the popular choice; still, jet bonnets are by no means out of fashion. How could they be when wraps glitter with beads, and jet embroidery is still the favorite garniture for elegant black toilets? Fortunately for the theatre-goers, whose seats are not in the front row, small bonnets are the proper thing for full dress; pretty little capotes, or rather head-dresses of lace and flowers. Even abroad, where full-dress is rigorously exacted of all ladies at places of public amusement, these small bonnets are not included in the rule which forbids hats or bonnets. True they call them dress-caps, which proves that there is sometimes much in a name, but the thing is the same, for all that.

Many cashmeres and other woollen stuffs from Paris are covered all over with velvet circles applied on and embroidered. The handsomest bonnets are trimmed with parti-colored lace and plumes tipped in tones to contrast with the material of the bonnets. New ribbons are very wide and broad in roses and tropical leaves and flowers of extraordinary size. One covers a capote bonnet.

Combinations of gray with strawberry red and shrimp pink are much admired, but the latter requires a lighter shade of gray than the former. Changeable silks are to be worn in combination with rich brocades, trimmings either of lace or variegated ribbons, cashmere embroideries, etc.

Chineses are slowly coming in, and some 'novelties' have brown grounds, with large shaded flowers and satin and silk stripes in cream, with chine bouquets.

The Spanish Marriage-Stone. If Ireland has its Blarney Stone, which assures to any one kissing it uncommon eloquence and persuasiveness—"blarney," in fact, for there is no other equivalent for the mysterious gift—Spain has her "marriage-stone," the virtues of which are equally remarkable; for any single person, male or female, who touches it is absolutely sure to be married within a twelve-month.

The stone forms part of the masonry in the College of Sacre Monte, in Granada. About twelve months ago two young ladies paid a visit to the old Moorish capital, and were shown over the college by one of the resident clergy, who acted as cicerone, and who treated the fair visitors with unusual deference and respect. When they came to the "marriage stone" the padre smilingly explained the peculiar powers with which popular suspicion credited it. "Touch it," said one of the ladies to her sister, who laughed incredulously, but followed the advice none the less—touching the stone, not once, but twice or thrice. Now, the two young ladies were the Spanish infantas, Dona Isabella and Dona Paz; and the latter it was who touched the stone. She did so on the 3rd of April last year, and she was married to Prince Louis of Bavaria on the 2d of April of the present year.

Married Seventy-five Years. There is a couple living at Downsville, Mo., who have been married seventy-five years. Husband and wife are each ninety-five years old. Peter Bogart, the husband, is in poor health. Mrs. Bogart, the wife, is smart, and walked about a mile every day last summer to visit a sick daughter. She does her own housework. Mr. Bogart's sister lives with them, and is seventy-eight years old. They have the fifth generation living.

A BIT OF ECONOMY is to save the peel of oranges: dry it and grate it for flavoring mince pies and orange cakes, and custard also. If it is dried perfectly and kept in a dry closet there is no danger of its becoming musty.

A Proclamation by the Mahdi.

The following is a translation of a proclamation recently issued by the Mahdi: "In the name of the compassionate God, praise be rendered to Him, the all-powerful and generous, and prayers to our Lord Mahomed and to all His descendants. From the servant of the Lord, Mahomed of Mahdi, son of Sayed Abdallah, to all his faithful proselytes. We have named as Prince our beloved Sheikh Manson, son of Abdel Hakim. Execute his orders and commands, and follow him in combat. Do all that he orders you, and avoid all that he forbids. Whosoever submits to him submits to us, who disobeys him disobeys us, and God himself and his prophet. Make all penitence before God and abandon all bad and forbidden habits, such as shameful works of the flesh, use of wine, tobacco, lying, forced (sic) witness, disobedience to parents, brigandage, non-restitution of goods belonging to others, beating of hands, dancing, evil signs of the eyes, weeping and lamentation of the dead, backbiting, calumny and the company of strange women. Cover your women in a decent manner, that they do not speak to unknown persons. All those who allow themselves to ignore these principles disobey God and His prophet, and will be punished according to the law. Make your prayers at the appointed hours, give the tithe of our goods, paying it to the Prince Sheikh Manson, so that he may remit to the Treasury of Islamism. Adhere God: do not hate one another, but aid each other to do good. We have named Sheikh Adria, son of the Light, to govern you. Do not disobey him. Who disobeys him disobeys us."

A New Way of Exploding Bomb Shells.

Many years ago a Pittsburg iron firm purchased a lot of condemned bombshells for old iron. The shells were not loaded, but in order to melt them it was necessary that they should be broken up. This was attempted with sledge hammers, but the laborers made but little progress, and it was finally given up as a bad job. One day a long slim Yankee came along and said: "I understand you have a job for a man here?" "Yes," was the reply, "we want that pile of bombs out there broken." "How much will you pay?" "We will give you a fip apiece (six and a quarter cents) if you will agree to break them all." "I'll take the contract," answered the Yankee. The day was a cold one, and the thermometer down to zero. The Yankee laid every bomb out on the ground, with the hole up. He procured a bucket, filled them all with water; then he came into the house made out his bill, and said he would call around in the morning for his money. Every one was much mystified, but in the morning their astonishment was great. The water had frozen during the night, and in the morning a pile of scrap iron was found, as the freezing water had broken every bomb into at least a dozen pieces.

A Petrified Forest.

The petrified stumps, limbs and, in fact, whole trees lie about on all sides, the action of the waters for hundreds of years have gradually washed away the high hills round about, and the trees that once covered the high tablelands, now lie in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which will measure over five feet in diameter, are broken and scattered over a surface of three hundred acres. Limbs and twigs cover the sand in every direction, and the visitor is puzzled as to where he shall begin to gather the beautiful specimens that lie within easy reach. There are numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood that have the appearance for all the world of having been just cut down by the woodman's axe, and the chips are thrown around on the ground so that one instinctively picks them up as he would in the log camps of Michigan and Pennsylvania.

Many of the small particles, and even the whole heart of some trees, have now become thoroughly crystallized, and the beautiful colored cubes sparkle in the sunshine like so many diamonds. Every color of the rainbow is duplicated in these crystals, and those of an amethyst color would pass the eye of a novice for a real stone. The grain of the wood is plainly shown in nearly every specimen, making the pieces more beautiful than ever.—*Albuquerque (N. M.) Journal.*

MILK BISCUIT.—One quart of warm milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of yeast, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; let stand over night. In the morning melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir into the batter. After doing this knead in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Cover it over in a pan, and let it rise until perfectly light, cut out the biscuit, put them in a shallow baking pan, let them rise half an hour, bake in a quick oven.

WHAT SHE KNOWS ABOUT IT.

What is flirtation? Really
How can I answer that?
Yet when she smiles I see its wiles,
And when she lifts her hat.

'Tis meeting in the ball-room,
'Tis whirling in the dance,
With something hid beneath the lid
Beside a simple glance.

'Tis walking in the hall-way,
'Tis resting on the stair;
'Tis bearded lips on finger tips
(If mamma is not there).

'Tis going out for ices,
'Tis buttoning on a glove;
'Tis tips that speak of plays next week,
And eyes that talk of love.

'Tis tucking in a carriage;
'Tis asking for a call;
'Tis lifted eyes and tender sighs,
And that is—no, not all.

'Tis parting when 'tis over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Tis la, my friend, best joys must end—
But one goes home to weep.

The Harmony Chime.

Perhaps some of my young readers who are familiar with the German language, may have met with the little incident upon which my tale is founded. Many years ago I saw it noticed in a few brief lines, but it struck me by its tender pathos, and I have tried to fill out the outlines of the meagre sketch of a true story into something like shape.

Many years ago, in a large iron foundry in the city of Ghent, was found a young workman by the name of Otto Holstein. He was not nineteen years of age, but none of the workmen could equal him in his special department—bell-casting, or moulding. Far and near the fame of Otto's bells extended, the clearest and sweetest, people said, that were ever heard.

Of course, the great establishment of Von Erlangen, in which Otto worked, got the credit of his labors, but Von Erlangen and Otto himself knew very well to whom the superior tone of the bells was due. The master did not pay him higher wages than the others, but by degrees he grew to be general superintendent in his department in spite of his extreme youth.

"Yes, my bells are good," he said to a friend one day, who was commenting upon their merits; "but they do not make the music I will yet strike from them. They ring alike for all things. To be sure, when they toll for a funeral the slow measures make them seem mournful, but then the notes are really the same as in a wedding peal. I shall make a chime of bells that will sound at will every chord in the human soul."

"Then wilt thou deal in magic," said his friend, laughing; "and the holy inquisition will have somewhat to do with thee. No human power can turn a bell into a musical instrument."

"But I can," he answered briefly; "and inquisition or not, I will do it."

He turned abruptly from his friend and sauntered, lost in thought, down the narrow street which led to his home. It was a humble, red-tiled cottage of only two rooms, that he had inherited from his grandfather. There he lived alone with his widowed mother. She was a mild, pleasant-faced woman, and her eyes brightened as her son bent his tall head under the low door-way, as he entered the little room. "Thou art late, Otto," she said, "and in trouble, too," as she caught sight of his grave, sad face.

"Yes," he answered. "When I asked Herr Erlangen for an increase of salary, for my work grows harder every day, he refused it. Nay, he told me if I was not satisfied I could leave, as there were fifty men ready to take my place. Ready! yes, I warrant they're ready enough, but to be able is a different thing."

His mother sighed deeply. "Thou wilt not leave Herr Erlangen's, surely. It is little we get, but it keeps us in food."

"I must leave," he answered. "Nay, do not cry out, mother! I have other plans, and thou wilt not starve. Mons. Dayrolles, the rich Frenchman, who lives in the Linden-strasse, has often asked me why I do not set up a foundry of my own. Of course, I laughed; I, who never have a thaler to spend. But he told me that he and several other rich friends of his would advance the means to start me in business. He is a great deal of his time at Erlangen's and is an enthusiast about fine bells. Ah! we are great friends and I am going to him after supper."

"People say that he is crazy," said his mother.

"Crazy!" indignantly, "People say that of everybody who has ideas they can't understand. They say I am crazy when I talk of my chime of bells. If I stay with Erlangen, he gets the credit of my work, but my chime must be mine; mine alone, mother." His eyes lighted with a kind of wild enthusiasm whenever he talked on this subject.

His mother's cheerful face grew sad as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Why, Otto, thou art not thyself when thou speakest of those bells."

"More my real self, mother, than at any other time!" he cried. "I only truly live when I think of how my idea is to be carried out. It is to be my

life's work; I know it, I feel it. It is upon me that my fate is woven inextricably in that ideal chime. It is God-sent. No great work, but the maker is possessed wholly by it. Don't shake your head, mother. Wait till my 'harmony chime' sounds from the great cathedral belfry, and then shake it if you can."

His mother smiled faintly. "Thou art a boy—a mere child, Otto, though a wonderful genius, I must confess. Thy hopes delude thee for it would take a lifetime to carry out thine idea."

"Then let it take a lifetime!" he cried out, vehemently. "Let me accomplish it when I am too old to hear it distinctly, and I will be content that its first sounds toll my dirge. I must go now to Mons. Dayrolles. Wish me good luck, dearest mother," and he stooped and kissed her tenderly.

Otto did not fail. The strange old man in his visits to the foundry had noticed the germs of genius in the boy, maker. He believed firmly that the and had grown very fond of him. He was so frank, so honest, so devoted to his work, and had accomplished so much at his early age, that Mons. Dayrolles saw a brilliant future before him. Besides, the old gentleman, with a Frenchman's vanity, felt that if the "harmony chime" could be made, the name of the munificent patron would go down to posterity with that of the boy would some day accomplish his purpose. So, although the revolt of the Netherlands had begun and he was preparing to return to his own country, he advanced the necessary funds, and saw Otto established in business before he quitted Ghent.

In a very short time work poured in upon Otto. During that long and terrible war the manufacture of cannon alone made the fortunes of workers in iron. So five years from the time he left Von Erlangen we find Otto Holstein a rich man at twenty-four years of age. But the idea for which he labored had never for a moment left his mind. Sleeping or waking, toiling or resting, his thoughts were busy pering the details of the great work.

"Thou art twenty-four to-day, Otto," said his good mother, "and rich beyond our hopes. When wilt thou bring Gertrude home to me? Thou hast been betrothed now for three years, and I want a daughter to comfort my declining years. Thou dost thy betrothed maiden a grievous wrong to delay without cause. The gossips are talking already."

"Let them talk," laughed Otto. "Little do Gertrude or I care for their silly tongues. She and I have agreed that the 'harmony chime' is to usher in our marriage day. Why, good mother, no man can serve two mistresses, and my chime has the oldest claim. Let me accomplish it, and then the remainder of my life belongs to Gertrude and thou, too, best of mothers."

"Still that dream! still that dream!" sighed his mother. "Thou hast cast bell after bell, and until to-day I have heard nothing more of the wild idea."

"No, because I needed money. I needed time and thought, too, to make experiments. All is matured now. I have received an order to make a new set of bells for the great cathedral that was sacked last week by the 'Iconoclasts,' and I begin to-morrow."

As Otto had said, his life's work began the next day. He loved his mother, but he seemed now to forget her in the feverish eagerness with which he threw himself into his work. He had been a devoted lover to Gertrude, but he now never had a spare moment to give to her—in fact, he only seemed to remember her existence in connection with the peal which would ring in their wedding day. His labors were prolonged far over the appointed time, and meanwhile the internal war raged more furiously, and the Netherlands were one vast battlefield. No interest did Otto seem to take in the stirring events around him. The bells held his whole existence captive.

At last the moulds were broken, and the bells came out of their husks perfect in form, and shining as stars in Otto's happy eyes. They were mounted in the great belfry, and for the test chime Otto had employed the best bell ringers in the city.

It was a lovely May morning, and almost crazed with excitement and anxiety, Otto, accompanied by a few chosen friends, waited outside the city for the first notes of the harmony chime. At some distance he thought he could better judge of the merits of his great work.

At last the first notes were struck, clear, sonorous and so melodious that his friends cried aloud with delight. But with finger upraised for silence, and eyes full of ecstatic delight, Otto stood like a statue until the last note died away. Then his friends caught him as he fell forward in a swoon—a swoon so like death that no one thought he would recover.

But it was not death, and he came out of it with a look of serene peace on his face that it had not worn since boyhood. He was married to Gertrude

that very day, but every one noticed that the ecstasy which transfigured his face seemed to be drawn more from the sound of the bells than the sweet face beside him.

"Don't you see a spell is cast on him as soon as they begin to ring?" said one after the bells had ceased to be a wonder. "If he is walking, he stops short, and if he is working, the work drops, and a strange fire comes into his eyes and I have seen him shudder all over as if he had an ague."

In good truth the bells seemed to have drawn a portion of Otto's life to them. When the incursions of the war forced him to fly from Ghent with his family, his regrets were not for his injured property, but that he could not hear the bells.

He was absent two years, and when he returned it was to find the cathedral almost a ruin and the bells gone, no one knew where. From that moment a settled melancholy took possession of Otto. He made no attempt to retrieve his losses, in fact, he gave up work altogether, and would sit all day with his eyes fixed on the ruined belfry.

People said he was melancholy mad, and I suppose it was the truth, but he was mad with a gentle kind of patience very sad to see. His mother had died during their exile, and now his wife unable with all her love to rouse him from his torpor faded slowly away. He did not notice her sickness, and his poor numbed brain seemed imperfectly to comprehend her death. But he followed her to the grave, and turning from it moved slowly down the city, passed the door of his old home without looking at it, and went out of the city gates.

After that he was seen in every city in Europe at different intervals. Charitable people gave him alms, but he never begged. He would enter a town, take his station near a church and wait until the bells rang for matins or vespers, then take up his staff, and sighing deeply, move off. People noting the wistful look in his eyes would ask him what he wanted.

"I am seeking—I am seeking," was his only reply, and those were almost the only words any one ever heard from him, and he muttered them often to himself. Years rolled over the head of the wanderer, but still his slow march from town to town continued. His hair had grown white, and his strength had failed him so much that he only tottered instead of walked, but still that wistful seeking look was in his eyes.

One glorious evening in midsummer he was crossing a river in Ireland. The kind-hearted boatman had been moved by the old man's imploring gesture to cross him. "He's mighty nigh his end, anyhow," he muttered, looking at the feeble movements of the old pilgrim as he stumbled to his seat.

Suddenly through the still evening air came the distant sound of a melodious chime. At the first note the pilgrim leaped to his feet and threw up his arms.

"Oh, my God," he cried, "found at last!"

"It's the bells of the convent," said the wondering man—not understanding Otto's words spoken in a foreign tongue but answering his gesture. "They were brought from somewhere in Holland when they were fighting there. Mighty fine bells they are, anyhow. But he isn't listening to me."

No, he heard nothing but the bells. He merely whispered, "Come back to me after so many years—Oh, love of my soul, Oh, thought of my life! Peal on, for your voices tell me of Paradise."

The last note floated through the air and as it died away something else soared aloft forever, free from the clouds and struggles of life.

Otto lay dead, his face full of peace and joy, for the weary quest of his crazy brain was over, and the harmony chime had called him to his eternal rest.

Arizona Coal.

The Deer Creek coal fields, near the San Carlos Reservation, Arizona, promise great results. They were discovered in 1881, and active developments began last March. The coal is found in fifty veins of greater or less size, which have been opened and extend for a full mile in width. Seven shafts have been sunk in different places on the property, the deepest being some two hundred feet. In this deepest shaft, as in all the others, the coal has been followed all the way down, and at the depth of 150 feet a cross cut has been made through thirty feet of sandstone, striking another vein of coal fifteen feet wide. About this shaft, on the next vein, a one hundred-foot tunnel has been run, showing a face of eight feet of coal about forty-five feet from the surface. A cross cut from this tunnel shows a vein of seven feet of coal at the same depth. West of this tunnel, and about 100 yards distant, there is a shaft of forty feet down on an incline, so that any one can walk in at any time and see one of the finest bodies of coal on the property. In addition to these developments, there are several other shafts where the veins have been cut, showing coal from six to twenty-five feet in width.—Arizona Star.

"The only Fair Woman."

Joaquin Miller's Tribute to the Memory of His Dead Wife.

In accordance with a promise which "each made the other when my young wife seemed to see wreck and storm and separation for us on the arena of life long before it came, and even while we were newly married, young and strong and happy," Joaquin Miller now pays a tender tribute to the memory of his wife, "Minnie Myrtle," who died a year ago. He thus describes his first meeting with her:

It was while I was riding Mossman & Miller's pony express from Walla Walla to Millersburg, in the mines of Idaho, in the summer of 1861, that I first was attracted by her writings in the newspapers. I wrote her and had replies. Then when I came down from the mountains and embarked in journalism she wrote to me, and our letters grew ardent and full of affection. Then I mounted my horse and rode hundreds of miles through the valleys and over the mountains, till I came to the sea, at Port Oxford, then a flourishing mining town, and there first saw "Minnie Myrtle."

Tall, dark, and striking in every respect, the first Saxon woman I had ever addressed had it all her own way at once. She knew nothing at all of my life except that I was an expressman and country editor. I knew nothing at all of hers; but I found her, with her kind, good parents, surrounded by brothers and sisters, and the pet and spoiled child of the mining and lumber camp. "In her woody little world, there by the sea, she was literally worshipped by the rough miners and lumbermen, and the heart of the bright and merry girl was brimming full of romance, hope and happiness. I arrived on Thursday. On Sunday next we were married! Oh, to what else but ruin and regret could such romantic folly lead? Procuring a horse for her we set out at once to return to my post far away over the mountains.

When the couple, after a wild ride, reached home, they found that Miller's newspaper had been suppressed. They went to San Francisco, but after some time returned to Oregon, where Miller bought some cattle, and with his wife, baby and a party of friends, set out for a new mining camp, Canyon City, in Eastern Oregon.

And what a journey was this of ours over the Oregon sierras, driving the belching cattle in the narrow trail through the dense woods, up the steep, snowy mountains, down through the roaring canyons! It was wild, glorious, fresh, full of hazard and adventure! Minnie had made a willow basket and swung it to her saddle-horn, with the crowing and good-natured baby inside, looking up at her laughing as she leaped her horse over the fallen logs or made a full hand with whip and lasso slashing after the cattle. But when we descended the wooded mountains to the open plain on the Eastern side of the sierras, the Indians were ready to receive us, and we almost literally had to fight our way for the next week's journey every day and night. And this woman was one of the truest souls that ever saw battle.

Justice, not Compromise; Equity, not Concession.

The conflicting issues that involve society—not at times, but for all times, issues always impending, issues live and pressing—must be met at the threshold with the stern, it may be, determinations of justice. Concessions are repugnant to the sensibilities of the intelligent, and to the ignorant—always rapacious—custom will soon lead to clamor for additional grants until the concessors from exhaustion declines further givings, and rebellion follows as a natural sequence.

Concession carries on its face error of some kind. Did we feel confirmed in our right to a position, it would be unjust to concede from a standpoint established—to ourselves,—and if the antagonist accepts our flat, then the question is one of arbitrary justice through arbitration, which must extend justice to each. But if we yield, thus assuming false premises, no act of continued concession will strengthen our position, but will weaken us the more. Then again, the recipient of the favor—which it really is—takes a far different view of the situation. From his view he is but receiving a meagre quantity of what he considers his just dues, hence cannot be satisfied; is a disaffected factor in the movement, and will not be reconciled until he has his full pound of flesh. "Compromises," as has been truly said, "are evidences of weakness."

Those who are arrayed in the panoply of war, general or individual, can see no virtue in a compromise when all things seem equal. It is only those who feel that there is a preponderance on the side in antagonism, who are disposed to compromise; while, on the other hand, "to the victor belongs the spoils," a truism, politically speaking, of Governor Marcey, of New York. There can be no equitable adjustment through an

arrangement that suggests compromise: one or the other must yield, and the consequences will be that the compromise acts—but as a temporary expedient, accomplishing no satisfactory results; hence, it will be found that on the springing of any issue, it were wise in the supporters of any measure from a view of justice—nothing else—to place their position before the country strictly on its merits; all else will fail to secure a permanent position. The very moment that the supporter of any idea, theory or principle, waives the features of equity and justice, and looks to expediency through concession or compromise, he is at the end of his tether; what he may accomplish for the day will reach no fruition of permanent success. Such statesmen will finally go to the wall; and it were well they do, for examples, if for nothing else. The class of wise men to whom the country must look for beneficent effects, should be those of positive rather than negative force—aggressive, rather than yielding powers. It is of such material that leaders are made regardless of their partisan affiliation. It is such men that should be commended, their opposites, in a national economic sense, are utterly worthless.

Buchanan's Love Story.

A story now afloat to the effect that James Buchanan, while minister to England in 1854-55, became enamored of a lady of rank, is denied by George Ticknor Curtis, who is engaged on the memoirs of the dead statesman. Mr. Curtis says Mr. Buchanan was in love but once, and promises in the forthcoming memoirs to give the facts of that incident. Mr. Curtis can find no fault, if this story is given in advance of his publication, for the narrative is familiar in the local history of Lancaster, Pa., where the story has been handed down from people who lived when the love of the dead President was the gossip of society in that ancient city. In 1814 Mr. Buchanan was a young lawyer and an ardent Federal politician, practicing at the bars of Lancaster and Lebanon Counties.

He fell in love with the daughter of Robert Coleman, then a rich iron master, and the founder of the Coleman families of Lebanon and Lancaster counties. The Colemans had an antipathy to the young lawyer and rising politician, opposing an alliance through marriage. Miss Anna Coleman entertained different views on the subject. She received her admirer with favor, but in doing so had to confront the bitter opposition of her family. At this time Mr. Buchanan represented Lancaster county in the Legislature. Between Miss Coleman and a Miss Ohl, of Lancaster, there was a close intimacy. The latter, who secretly disliked Mr. Buchanan, was ready and artful enough for any intrigue to estrange the lovers. Knowing that Mr. Buchanan would arrive from Harrisburg on a certain evening, Miss Ohl banteringly told Miss C. that he would call on her first, when he reached Lancaster. This was regarded as preposterous by Miss C., who, nevertheless, accepted the banter and the matter so rested. That evening Miss O. made it a point to be near the office when the stage stopped on its arrival from Harrisburg, and the moment Mr. B. emerged she seized his arm, insisting that he must accompany her home, protesting that she had an important communication to make to him. Refusal was of no avail to a brilliant young woman, impelled by a subtle motive to achieve success in her adventure. And the young statesman was literally dragged into the meshes prepared for him by his artful deceiver. He went with the lady and his going forever sealed his life in loneliness. Miss Ohl kept Mr. Buchanan at her home until an hour too late for him to call at the Coleman mansion, and she managed to let her friend, Miss C., know where he was. At a proper hour next day Mr. Buchanan called on Miss C., to be coldly told that she never again desired to see him, and to have the door rudely closed to him. That day Miss C.'s brother hurried her to Philadelphia by private conveyance. Once out of Lancaster the young lady repented her rudeness and her rashness; overcome by remorse for what she had done, as the story always ran, she resorted to poison; and thus in what was a heartless deception, a pure love culminated in a rueful disaster, which ended the life of one of the lovers and cast a shade of gloom over the other, as he passed from one high station to another to find himself before he died standing on the top round of the ladder of fame, from which he could look with disdain on the persecutors of his young manhood.

Alone in a narrow lot, surrounded by a fence which excludes all other burial, and beneath a ponderous sarcophagus, the remains of James Buchanan rest in a Lancaster cemetery. As he lived so he is buried—alone. He never looked with favor, such as men feel who look into the eyes of other women, but those of the choice of his youth, and her image he cherished through life.

Scientific Economy.

Where acquired near sightedness exists it may have begun to make its appearance in early life, perhaps almost as soon as the child was set at his books. Unless it appears before the age of sixteen it is not likely to appear at all. But a great many who think their eyes perfect—and, indeed, really have perfect eyes in comparison with those more grievously afflicted—are really more or less myopic. Not only is the vision of a majority of men and women defective in one respect or another, but it has been established beyond reasonable doubt that in all highly civilized communities myopia is developed in at least sixty and perhaps seventy per cent. of the pupils who reach the highest grades or go through the last years of school attendance. The disease, it clearly appears, is progressive. The eye gradually elongates, or is otherwise altered in structure or form, reaching in most instances a constant point of misshapenness, when the near sightedness becomes fixed, but in some cases continuing to get out of order through all the years of book-study, until the twentieth or twenty-fifth year, or even almost until the close of life. In most near sighted persons the acuteness as well as the extent of vision is impaired and in the worst cases of progressive short sight the retina suffers serious damage, or absolute blindness supervenes. Proper glasses may enable short sighted persons to see comfortably, but they are always voted by their wearers a nuisance, and they do not restore diseased eyes to health, or prevent them, under certain circumstances from becoming more and more unsound.

Man breathes about 18 times a minute, and uses about 3000 cubic feet, or about 375 hogheads of air per day.

It is positively asserted that soon the cars on the elevated railroads in New York will be run by electricity instead of steam. This change has been under consideration for many months.

Lecturing recently upon the geological history of Palestine, Prof. E. Hull, F. R. S., mentioned that the physical phenomenon which renders the Holy Land unique among all countries, is the remarkable depression of the Dead Sea, the surface of which is no less than 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. As the sea can have no outlet saline matters gather in great quantity, and 24.57 pounds of salts are found to exist in each hundred pounds of surface water, while the Atlantic contains but six pounds in each hundred.

In a paper read before the London geologists' association, Mr. W. F. Stanley attributes the rising and falling of the land surface of the globe chiefly to the pressure of snow and ice at the poles. It is supposed that the glacial accumulation has now reached a great thickness at the south pole, and it is Mr. Stanley's opinion that the weight of the vast mass upon the crust of the earth causes the extensive submergence of the southern hemisphere which now exists. He shows that Dr. Croll's theory that the earth's centre is shifted by the unequal polar accumulations is somewhat inconsistent with the facts which have been observed.

PAPER RAILS.—It is now claimed that paper can be utilized for the manufacture of rails in place of steel, which has almost displaced iron. It is said in favor of the new material that the cost per mile will be less by one-third than that of steel, and it will last much longer, being almost indestructible. There is no expansion or contraction from heat and cold, consequently no loose or open joints, and, being so much lighter than steel or iron, the rails can be made longer and the connections perfectly solid, making the road as smooth as one continuous rail. The adhesion of the drivers of the engine to this material will be greater than that of steel, consequently the same weight engine will haul a larger load. There will be great saving of fuel, and the smoothness of the rail will lessen the wear and tear of rolling-stock. The rails are made wholly and entirely of paper, and so solid that the sharpest spike cannot be driven into them. The action of the atmosphere has no effect on it, will neither rust nor rot, and with paper wheels and rails of the same material, palatial trains will glide over the paries at the rate of 60 miles an hour with as little jolt and jar as on an ocean steamer.

The Alabama Planter complains that its little garden patch was unprofitable last season: "The snails ate up the cucumbers; the chickens ate up the snails; the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats."

A dog and his tail fell into a dispute as to which should wag the other. An itinerant Wasp passing that way casually remarked: "Speaking of Tails, reminds me that I possess one which may possibly be influential enough to wag you both." This fable teaches heaps.

"Penn's Valley Bargain Store"

Cash or its Equal.

NO OTHER TERMS.

New Stock is now in !

SPECIAL BARGAINS.

FAIR DEALING ——— LARGE ASSORTMENT.

Each one pays for what he buys and no more.

Call and be convinced that you can buy cheaper for cash than credit.

VERY RESPECTFULLY,

Clevan Dinges.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the CROWNING GLORY,

FORT ORANGE,

EASTLAKE AND

WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER

In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SECHLERS! SECHLERS! SECHLERS!

NEW GOODS

Just opened a full line of Choice Family

GROCERIES AND GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, PROVISIONS,

Such as

TEAS, COFFEES. SUGARS, SPICES, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, MEATS, NUTS,

OYSTERS, FINE CANDIES.

FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,

Together with GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. 11

PATENT 3 BOW TOP.

This is now the most popular top made, simple is its construction, and very graceful in appearance. Positively warranted to give satisfaction. Finished tops including body unpainted, finished tops with seat only or the skeleton of tops furnished on short notice

Please inquire for the drop shifting rail and seat combined, a device by which the top may be thrown back without folding any curtains. Pat. allowed. Send for circulars.

LEVI MURRAY,

Carriages, Sleighs &c. Centre Hall, Pa.

GRAHAM & SON,

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.



If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best: E. C. BURTS' Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.

HANAN & SON'S. New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted. J. H. BYRMES' Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.

In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS, FLOW SHOES, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS of every description, at the lowest figure.

Remember the place, on Corner of BROCKERTHOFF ROW. BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. 17 may

DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER. after April 1st will open in the Durst-building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. Smart

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Supplement.

CENTRE HALL PA. June 14, 1883.

Rude Beauties.

Two young ladies of my acquaintance, writes a New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, pretty girls they are, too, were strolling up the avenue the other day, when they noticed Mrs. Langtry walking in front of them with Mrs. Labouchere. They hurried up, so as to get a good look at her, and, as they passed her, Mrs. Langtry said to Mrs. Lab.: "Do you call those girls pretty?" "No, replied Mrs. Lab. in her loudest voice, "I do not, and I haven't seen a pretty girl since I came to America." "Isn't it odd," said Mrs. Langtry, "there doesn't seem to be any pretty girls over here at all." This was said in very low tones, evidently intended for the passers-by to hear. American wit was her match, though. "Isn't that Mrs. Langtry?" said one of these girls to the other, looking around at her. "Oh, dear no, that is not Mrs. Langtry," was the reply, given in a good clear voice: "Mrs. Langtry is pretty, and this woman is not, and Mrs. Langtry is well bred, and this woman certainly is not." To say that Mrs. Lab.'s pale eyes flashed fire would be doing injustice to the daggers that leaped from out them."

The large number of children's subscriptions, now more than eighteen thousand, has done much to aid the work of the Longfellow Memorial Association.

—The way to get an admission to O'Brien's six shows, on Thursday 14, so as to cost you nothing, is quite simple: First go the Philadelphia Branch and purchase an article of clothing and you can save enough to buy a ticket to the show—if you buy a whole suit you can save enough money compared with prices elsewhere, to buy a dozen tickets to the show and pay for dinner and horse-feed. That's the way to see the elephant free.

ENCOURAGING.

Having been encouraged by the steady increase of business, I have remodeled, repainted and added to the external as well as to the internal appearance of my DRUG HOUSE, thereby making it more attractive to my customers. I would now thank my customers for their liberal patronage in the past, and solicit a continuance of the same. My stock is as near full as possible. I am in complete communication with the principal Drug Houses of New York and Philadelphia and am supplied with cuts and price lists, and anything in my line not kept in stock, will be sent for at once and delivered at the same prices that it could be bought at if you went or sent yourself. I buy my drugs for cash, pay no discounts, which enables me to sell just as cheap as any other drug store in the county. All business between dealer and customers strictly confidential.

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall
Jun 22nd

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

FURNITURE AT

W. R. CAMP'S FURNITURE

ROOMS, Centre Hall, Pa.,

Consisting of

CHAMBER SUITS.

BEDSTRADES.

LOUNGES.

BUREAUS.

SINKS.

EXTENSION TABLES.

MATTRESSES.

SPRING BEDS.

CANE and WOOD SEAT CHAIRS, &c.

UNDERTAKING a specialty.

We keep on hand all the latest and best styles of Coffins and Caskets, Burial Robes and Shrouds, at prices to suit all.

REMEMBER THAT WE
MANUFACTURE ALL OUR
OWN FURNITURE, which we
guarantee to be second to none in
workmanship and finish. 18feb

BLACKSMITHING.—Mr. Chas. Bollinger, having taken possession of the smith-shop connected with Murray's coach-shop, is prepared to do all kinds of smithing on short notice and at reasonable charges. Horse-shoeing a specialty. 2may2m

CENTRE HALL

Carriage Shops.

J. W. HENNY & SAM'L SHOOP.

(Successors to J. O. Deininger.)

Manufacture and constantly
keep on hand
CARRIAGES,

BUGGIES,

SPRING WAGONS,

SLEIGHS

and all kind of vehicles.

All work made of the best material, and put together by mechanics of long experience. Hence all work from these shops is guaranteed.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Prices low and all work turned out first-class.

COME AND SEE OUR WORK

Jan 27

W. M. A. SANDOE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA.

Desires to announce to his customers that he has been to the city and taken a course of cutting under D. W. Belford, one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. 29mary

Grand Spring Opening

OF ALL THE LATEST

NOVELTIES.

Wolf & Son's New Stock

is Complete in Every Department, Embracing:

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Trimmings,

Fancy Goods, Notions, Clothing,

Hats and Caps, Boots and

Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Trunks, Satchels, Groceries.

Flour, &c., &c., &c.

AND IN FACT EVERYTHING KEPT

IN A FIRST CLASS

MERCANTILE STORE.

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

In the Latest Styles and Designs,

to which we especially invite the attention of the Ladies.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF
LADIES', MISSES' &

CHILDREN'S

FINE SHOES,

OUR STOCK OF

CLOTHING

—AND—

Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c.
IS COMPLETE AND FOR

CHEAPNESS and DURABILITY
Cannot be Excelled.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and a blue mark on wrapper.

SPRING MILLS

Plaining Mill.

The place to buy your best material is of

Jas. S. Krape & Co.,

Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of FLOORING.

GERMAN, &

SPLIT SIDING.

SURFACE BOARDS,

WINDOW SASHES,

SHUTTERS,

BLINDS

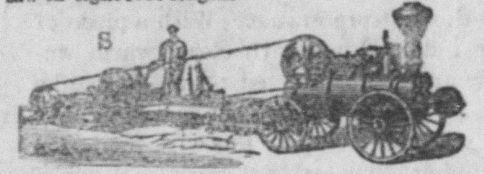
&c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.

17may 1y

PAYNE'S 10 Horse Spark-Arresting Portable Engine has cut 10,000 ft. of Michigan Pine board in 10 hours, burning alone from the saw in eight foot lengths.



Our 10 Horse We guarantee to furnish power to saw 8,000 feet of Hemlock boards in 10 hours. Our 15 Horse will cut 10,000 feet in same time. Our Engines are guaranteed to furnish a horse-power on less fuel and water than any other engine not fitted with an Automatic Cut-Off. If you want a Stationary or Portable Engine, Boiler, Circular Saw Mill, Shutter or Pulley, either cast or Modest's Patent Wrought Iron Pulley, send for our illustrated Catalogue for information and prices. J. W. PAYNE & SONS, Corning, N. Y., Box 244.



THE BEST WIND ENGINE. SIMPLE & PERFECT IN CONSTRUCTION WILL STAND ANY WIND.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

FLINT WALLING & CO. KENDALLVILLE, IND. BRANCH HOUSE LAKEVILLE, IND.

NEW GROCERY - AT -

COBURN, PENN'A.

R. F. Vonada will keep staple groceries, pure and fresh, and low in price.

COFFEES, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TEAS, CANNED GOODS.

DRIED FRUITS, HAM, DRIED BEEF, COAL OIL, FISH, SALT.

BEST OYSTERS, CRACKERS, &c., &c.

All kinds of Country Produce wanted, and highest market prices paid for it.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE - Letters of administration upon the estate of Felix Burkholder, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

F. M. BURKHOLDER, Adm'r. 17may 01.

Here At Last,

After Long and Weary Waiting Relief is Brought to Those Who Need it.

"Well, Pat," said an Orange county physician to a complicated Irish patient some years ago, "for that pain in your chest you had better go home and put on a mustard plaster. I can't think this minute of anything better. And by the way," added the doctor turning to a friend, "I wish some body would invent a real good plaster - something actually helpful for such cases as Pat's. Maybe they will sometime when it's too late for me to use it."

When BENSON'S CAPSICUM POROUS PLASTER was placed on market about ten years ago the doctor's hope became a fact. Because of the rare medicinal virtues inherent in it, its rapid action and sure results, the Capsicine is fast displacing the slow-acting plaster of former days, for all affections to which a plaster is ever applicable. Price 25 cents. In the middle of the capsule is cut the word "Capsicine."

Scabury and Johnson, Chemists, N. Y. June

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jun 14, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

A FAMINE OF PREACHERS.

The Danger that Threatens the Presbyterian Church in America.

Saratoga, N. Y., May 17.—The ninety-fifth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States convened to-day in the First Presbyterian Church. The retiring Moderator, Rev. Dr. Herriek Johnson, of Chicago, delivered the annual sermon, in which, speaking of the dangers to Presbyterianism in this country, he said that the church is rapidly approaching a calamity. It is threatened with a famine of preachers. "Our Church numbers 5,741 congregations. Take in every steady supply and still 500 churches are pastorless." The preacher could find no grounds of hope for relief in the colleges and the theological seminaries. The trend is constantly the wrong way. Of the students in twelve colleges in the last decade only nineteen per cent. entered or proposed to enter the ministry. The loss has gone too far not to injure the Church. Unless it be retrieved disaster follows. He said the cause was the peril of a perversion of the truth. "We have tried to make preachers; have we asked God to make them? We have applied the rule of supply and demand of street traffic to sacred ministerial functions. We have looked too much to metropolitan pulpits and neglected such ministry as that to which St. Paul and St. Barnabas were sent."

Had a Better Thing.

It was real funny to see him brace up as he turned the corner, button his threadbare black coat, adjust his hat, shove a pencil over his ear, and try to disguise himself. When he had fixed himself he passed down the street, entered a saloon, and walking straight up to the bar he asked:

"Is your name Blank?"

"I expect it is," was the reply.

"John Blank?"

"Vhell, der boys call me Shon."

"Can I speak to you in private, Mr. Blank?"

"You can speak right out here. Nobody is around except my boy, and he don't hear us."

"I thought it would be better to sit down at a table and talk over our glass of beer."

"I guess not. I can stand oop and hear all you say."

"Well, Mr. Blank, I have been deputized to ask you if you would be a candidate for Mayor next year."

"Me?"

"Yes. You are said to be one of the most popular men in Detroit. You are rich, popular, liberal, and could be elected by a large majority."

The saloonist looked at him for a long minute and then asked:

"Are you dry?"

"Never was so dry in my life."

With a perfectly placid countenance Mr. Blank filled a "schooner" with water, placed it on the bar, and looked the man square in the eye as he said:

"I has a thousand times obleged to der boys, but I can't accept dot office."

"You can't? Don't you want to be Mayor of Detroit?"

"No, my friend. I haf somethings better ash dot. I vas going to run for Governor next time! Come in real often and drink to my success!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Plate of Baked Beans.

A well-known individual of Boston went on an excursion to Nantasket, and at noon went into one of the fashionable restaurants for dinner. Unfortunately for him, his companion was an irrepressible practical joker. As they were seated Ed said to Charley: "Are you going to have a regular dinner or only a lunch?" "Well," said Charley, "I don't believe I'll pay for a regular dinner; I guess I'll have a plate of baked beans." Accordingly the order was given to the waiter, and an elegant dinner was set before Ed, while Charley contented himself with a plate of baked beans and a cup of coffee. When the checks were laid down Ed slyly slipped his, marked "\$1.25," over to Charley, who was all unconscious, and kept the one marked "25 cents" himself. When they had finished and had walked up to the counter to settle, Charley for the first time looked at his check, "\$1.25," and turned against to his companion, exclaiming: "Good Heavens! what kind of a place is this where they charge \$1.25 for a plate of baked beans?" "That's all right!" returned Ed. "My check is just the same." They charge so much for the dinner, you know, and you order what you like. You might have had just the same as I did, but you chose baked beans. You'll have to pay it, as there is no way of backing out." And pay it he did, all unconscious of the wicked joke; but as he walked out he exclaimed, "Well, I've learned one thing, and that is never to order baked beans again in a high-toned hotel."

The Springfield Republican tells how a gentleman took from his pocket after dinner a pair of solitaires, and passed them to his wife. "Humph," she said, "prize package, I suppose?" and passed them on to her son. "Dollar store, eh?" commented the youth. Papa smiled, and silently replaced the card in his pocket. A few days later mamma said: "Where did you get those earrings you showed us?" "Well, a man submitted them to me at the store. They were only \$950, but you are such a poor judge of gems that I thought it wasn't worth while to give them to you."

—Any of our readers wanting a nice and latest style suit for a little boy, let them call at the Philad. Branch where is to be found the choicest selection in the county, especially purchased with a view to please, and very reasonable in price. Go and see the boys' suits at the Philad. Branch.

Mr. Will T. Montellus, Mt. Carmel, Pa. says: "I was entirely cured of dyspepsia, general debility and loss of appetite by using Brown's Iron Bitters."

John Wanamaker

starts the May and June Sales with the unheard-of aggregate stock of Two and a Half Millions

\$2,500,000,

and nowhere in the United States is there so large a stock at retail to which City and Country People

have access alike, with prices marked plainly, so that

All pay the same at John Wanamaker's.

The certainty that besides numerous bargains daily spread on the counters the

Big Store is now known to fix the Market Prices

of all the things dealt in, settles conclusively that it is the BEST PLACE FOR STRANGERS to deal.

Those who do not care to stop over night at a hotel, can check bags, coats, umbrellas and packages at the store door and

get a lunch in the building.

The few items below show how things are going just now.

Send postal card for samples.

From one of the largest and best Paris houses we have some splendid lots of Dress Goods, all told about two hundred full pieces, that were not ready for delivery until long after the time, and on account thereof were reduced 25 per cent. all around.

This makes some famous bargains:

41-inch all wool Illuminated Beige, 45c.

43-inch all wool Crepe Beige, 50c. Far under value.

45-inch Cashmere Beige, 60c. Far under value.

42-inch all wool Check, 50c. Far under value.

42-inch all wool Albatross, 60c. Far under value.

42-inch all wool Albatross, 75c. Far under value.

The following lots are very desirable:

40-inch all wool French Shooda, 50c.

42-inch all wool French Shooda, 75c.

42-inch all wool Pin's Head Check, 60c.

31-inch Nan's Veiling (creams), 35c.

The steady increase of our Dress Goods Department must be owing to the constant watch to keep our prices the lowest. We could not afford to cut off dress patterns and take them back, as our rules compel, when others sold at lower rates, so we are on the alert all the time to protect ourselves by marking the lowest figures going.

A magnificent lot of newly imported Lyons Black Grenadines, warranted all silk. The designs are rich and beautiful. Two qualities, \$1.25 and \$1.50, which is said to be less than half of the cost of importation. Before the goods reached the counters twenty dresses were sold by sample pieces that customers saw in passing. We have some other Black Goods at half price.

Linen Sheeting, 21 yds wide, value, 90c, now 65c; value \$1.00, now 75c; value \$1.20, now 85c.

45-inch Pillow Linen, 37c.

54-inch do d 50c.

40-inch Butcher's Lines, 22c.

2-4 Drawer Linen, 18, 22, 25, 28 and 31c.

Fine Cream Damask, \$1.25; reduced to 1 dollar.

Table Cloths, 24x24, 24x3, 24x4, 24x5 yards.

Towel, 22x43 inches, weighing 4 a pound, 25c.

Damask Towel, 23x48 inches, good and heavy, price now at first hands, 37c; our price 31c.

Ladies' English solid color brilliant Lisle Hose, 50c.

Ladies' colored Hose 12c, hitherto 25c.

Ladies' long Balbriggan, French foot 20c, hitherto 31c.

Ladies' fancy Hose, a fifty cent quality for 25c.

Men's full regular made, (German) brown mixed 12c.

Men's English Striped, full regular made, 18c.

Children's full regular made, at 15, 20, 30, 36c, worth double.

The Madras, Nottingham, Antique and Tamboured Curtains are in usual abundance.

Furniture Covering being at 12c a yard, and some of our Cretonne are the cheapest we have ever had.

Handsome Antique Curtains, \$3.50 per pair.

Four styles Gentlemen's Suspenders, made in our work rooms at Oak Hall, 15, 25, 40 and 50c.

Balbriggan Underwear, 37c; used to be 50c. Good Night Shirt, 75c.

Some lots of Buttons and Dress Trimmings at nominal prices as long as they last. New importation of Paris Buttons open.

Children's and Misses' Trimmed Hats, ready to put on for \$1.50 to \$1.75 and 2 dollars and upwards, These come from our own work rooms.

Ladies' Rough-and-Ready Bonnets and Hats, all colors and black, for 25c.

173 dozen of sprays of fine flowers at 25c a spray, for millinery and corsage. These are about half price.

There is a new counter for 9 and 12c Satin and Gros Grain Ribbons of which we have all colors.

The new Waukenphast Shoe is about the best thing yet that has done for men, if comfort for the feet is considered. Only first class workmen can make them, and, as yet, we have not been able to make sufficient quantities to get the price lower than 7 dollars; but this is a dollar less than, we are told, is asked elsewhere.

15-yard lengths of Summer Silks, 35 to 65c.

Glace Changeable Silks, 65c.

New India Silks, black grounds, small white figures, very handsome, at \$1.50.

A fair Black Silk is going now for 75c, and quite a good one for a Dollar.

If you will pay \$1.50, we have a quality of the Bellon make that we recommend, and will ask you to recommend after wearing it.

20-inch Black Satin Parasol lined in various colors, ten gilt ribs, handsome natural stick, Spanish lace trimmed. Price, 3 Dollars.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Chestnut Street, Thirteenth and Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

Summer by the Sea.

Cape May.

The coming season always leads one to think of the seashore, hence our readers will take an interest in the following extracts from a well written letter:

Cape May is no exception to the rule of solid improvement and substantial progress, which is the rule that prevails everywhere on the coast. To thousands of people "Cape May" always has been, to thousands of people "Cape May" always will be the ideal watering place.

For nearly half a century Cape May has been known; long before the teeming brood that bask in the summer sun from Seabright down had acquired a local habitation and a name. It was a household word from Philadelphia, through Baltimore, Washington City and all the way down the coast and up the Gulf and river to New Orleans. It has always been the favorite summer retreat of Baltimore, Washington and other Southern cities.

Its suitability as a winter resort was left to be demonstrated by the investigations and reports of the New Jersey Board of Health. In the record of vital statistics its annual death-rate is among the very lowest anywhere. Its local authorities are zealous in their endeavors to maintain its deserved reputation, and the testimony voluntarily prepared by the State Board only a few weeks since, that "Cape May would need no further official visitation from their officers for four years to come," shows the perfection which all the sanitary regulations have attained. Indeed, no place, perhaps, on the entire coast has more natural advantages of situation. The only possible land breeze must come from the north. The southerly winds come, uncontaminated, up from the sea and sweep over the town, while on the westerly side there is the broad expanse of Delaware bay, over which, at night, the light-house at Cape Henlopen is saluted by the flashing light of Cape May.

Whenever there has been danger of encroachment by the sea upon the land pillings to the depth of twenty feet have been driven in, and inside of these the whole has been made solid with stone.

The amount invested in entire new buildings, in extensive additions to the capacity of hotels and cottages already built, and in other special improvements, will aggregate several hundred thousand dollars. Mons. Denizott's new Hotel Lafayette, with its 100 rooms, furnished in most exquisite style, will cost well up into \$100,000 itself, and the solid as well as ornate additions to the New Columbia, will cost quite half as much.

The Stockton House has invested \$10,000 in repainting, in putting in a new system of sewerage, which had the cordial endorsement of the State Board of Health, and in a thousand and one little improvements which will add to the comfort and pleasure of its guests.

The New Atlantic has been elaborated and repainted. A hotel and two new cottages are going up on the "Mt. Vernon tract," and the "Knickerbocker Ice Company" has gone to \$5000 expense in repairs. Many new cottages of the neatest and most cozy kind have been built, costing from \$5000 up to two or three times that amount.

The Messrs. Crump will fly their hospitable banner from above Congress Hall, and Mr. Th. Mueller, of Philadelphia, will soon open the doors of his new and charming Aldine Villa.

North of Cape May several new places have recently sprung up or been projected, Holly Beach, Anglesea, Sea Isle City, Ocean City and South Atlantic City. Ocean City is in one sense a rival of Ocean Grove, for members of the same powerful and religiously aggressive branch of the church have made it a citadel whose banner bears the legend, "Holiness to the Lord."

Sea Isle City, farther South, lapped all along its ample front and almost entirely by Ludlum's bay and Townsend's inlet, is the project of Mr. Charles K. Landis. A spur from the West Jersey Railroad at Sea Isle Junction, five miles long, brings it within sixty-five miles of Philadelphia in distance, and little more than two hours in time. The season is not far off when all the multiplied and multiplying resorts along the coast, from the Highlands near Sandy Hook to Cape May Point, shall be strung upon one or more continuous lines of railroad, and where now spare hundreds or single thousands of population are found during the summer months, tens of thousands will be congregated, governed by equal similar laws, and sharing with each other a like spirit of local pride and jealous rivalry.

CAPE MAY POINT.

This little resort, which became so popular last season under the new proprietors, "The Cape May Improvement Company," has improved wonderfully.

On Lake Lily the fleet of pleasure boats has been increased and the management have also secured several

yachts which are intended to convey guests to the fishing banks or on an ocean pleasure trip. Ten thousand magnificent foliage plants of various colors will add beauty to the walks leading to the hotels.

The Cape House was thrown open to the public, by the management, at the close of the summer season as a winter resort. It is well known to many that the climate at the Point is very mild in winter, and the hotel in consequence leaped at once into popularity, and it has done an excellent season's business. The Carlton House will reopen in June, while the Cape House will continue open hereafter all the year around.—*Correspondence Phila. Press.*

The New Dress.

"One day a farmer, from Lake county, as I afterwards found out, came into my shop. That was when I did not have a stock of coffins in the front room, and when my shrouds were hanging in neat cases. Well, he looked at several of them, and finally he chose one and took it home with him, saying it was for his wife. I consoled with him, and, though he seemed mystified by my talk of grief, he paid for the shroud and carried it off. Two or three days after he came back with a middle-aged lady. The woman was in great rage, while he was much downcast. He called me aside and, in a whisper, asked me what the garment was I had sold him. Well, sir, I began to see what was the matter, but I kept a straight face and whispered back, 'a shroud.' I thought, sir, ye see, that you had lost your wife.' He grew more downcast than ever, and pointing to the lady who was in the front of the store said: 'That's my wife. Don't look as though she was dead, do she?' Well, sir, I thought I should die from trying to keep back the laugh. Then he whispered to me, 'I unfolded the thing before her. She screamed right out and said: 'Samuel (that was his name), what are you a-thinkin' about? I don't want to be buried just yet, no much. Ye needn't think ye are goin' to get rid of me that easy.' Then she commenced cryin' and cuttin' up, so that I felt all out of sorts. Finally I told her that it was a pretty dress. Then she went off again, but finally she came to, and she gave me a good tongue lashing. Finally, to quite her, I promised to bring her in and get two pretty dresses for her, and here I am. Now, won't you give me back the money, and take back your shroud?' 'Of course I will,' said I. 'Anything to oblige a person in distress.' Well, I gave him his money, and the next time I saw him he said his good wife had never gotten over the idea that he wanted to get rid of her.—*An Undertaker in Exchange*

Marble-Time and Marbles.

There are kite-time, top-time, ball-time and marble-time, and every boy appears to know the proper season for each of these sports. What are the exact dates of these seasons we do not know; but we do know that a boy of proper principles would no more be found playing marbles in top-time than he would be caught at some mean act. If we could learn the early history of marbles, we should find that they were played by the ancient Romans, and it is very likely that boys before the Christian era had their marble time, just as you do now. It is said that marbles are found in the ruins of Pompeii, which shows that the game is a very old one. In ancient times, the roughest natural pebbles that could be found, were used for playing, and it is not known when manufactured marbles first came into use. It is known that they were imported into England from Holland in 1620, and they were no doubt made much earlier than that.

Some very common marbles are made of clay and baked, but the best kinds are made of different kinds of stone including marble and agate. Holland and Germany are the countries which produce nearly all the marbles that are used. The stone is broken up into pieces as nearly round as possible. These are then placed between two mill-stones, which grind them into shape, but leave them rough. To make the rough marbles smooth, they are placed in a wood cask, in which are cylinders of hard stone, the cask revolves, and the marbles rub against these stones, and against one another, until they become very smooth. The dust formed in this operation is then taken out, and every put in, when the cask is again made to revolve, and the marbles are polished. Some marbles, made of a porous stone, are dyed, and some very coarse ones are painted. The finest kind is made from agate; these are costly, as they are made singly, each being ground by hand by holding it against a large grindstone. Marbles are divided into "taws," as the common ones are called, and "alleys" for the finer ones. Taw is an abbreviation of tawny, the color of the common marble, while alley is from alabaster, the stone from which the finer kinds are made.

for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave her a prescription, and told her: "Get that prepared at the drug store, and rub it well over your husband's back. And if it does any good, come and let me know. I've got a touch of rheumatism myself." She was an indigent woman when she came and an indignant woman when she left.

A little girl said to her mamma, "Mamma, have you heard of the man that got shot?" "No, child, how did he get shot?" asked mamma. "Oh," said the young precious, "he bought 'em."

"Polly," said a lady to her servant, "I wish you would step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Polly returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was 72 years, 7 months, and 28 years old.

At a recent party a Miss Joy was present, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed, "I am glad I am not a beauty, for I shouldn't like to be a Joy forever!"

A clergyman, with a cough, preached recently to an irritated congregation at St. Patrick's, Dublin. The next morning's post brought him the following communication:

"The passing strange when we reflect, And seems to beat creation, That when 'oration' we expect We get 'expect-oration'."

Danbury was the champion patient boy. He comes from a chronically borrowing family. The other day he went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't any but sweet milk," said the woman, pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking chair into a

Thoroughbred.

We believe we express the sentiments of a large majority of the intelligent citizens of our country, when we assert that it is alone in the *Thoroughbred* are we to look for favorable results, not alone in what are too frequently termed "dumb brutes," but in the *genus homo*. We will not argue the virtues of "blue blood," but will simply state that since time immemorial the world has been filled with notable instances of the efficacy of blood in giving tone to the individual as well as to society. How often it is said, "blood will tell," and while said in a spirit of humor, it is a solid truth, one that carries a force not generally appreciated. We believe as much in the blood of men and women as we do in that of "blooded stock." Good blood is an inheritance, so is bad blood. It may not in the latter case appear in the first generation, but will inevitably develop in the second or third. It is rarely that families are disgraced through their progeny where they claim a descent from good blood; but if we study the genealogical tree of the vicious, we will discover that the parent stem of the ancestral tree was of mixed or corrupted blood. It is an every-day spectacle to see the outcroppings of hereditary taint, it is and also a daily exhibition to see the illustrious names of the past reproduced in the men of power of the day. We do not advise the heroic treatment of blood conditions as applied by the Spartans and others, who were for exterminating those whose physical or moral ailments unfitted them for contention with the more athletic or moral; yet we think some theory should be adopted and put in practice for restricting the extension of inferior lines of humanity—multitudes who from their birth through organic defects, mental and moral, unfit them for the duties of life, and who become a tax upon the fittest who survive, who fill hospitals and poorhouses and finally fill pauper graves. There are defections from this principle, but they are the exception, not the rule. "Like father, like son," is old but true. Show us a *thoroughbred* stock of men and women, and we will point you a corresponding descent. But, *per contra*, the evil-minded or the bestial will not fail to bestow upon society an offspring equally offensive to the world as their progenitors. There are instances where an unknown individual, without a record, ascends the ladder of fame and perches in one of the highest niches of fame's temple. The admiring multitude exclaim, "A self-made man," but, if so, he is but one of ten thousand; he is the exception. The rule is, that the wise, the honest, the great, come from a descent of sturdy, fixed principles, and noble impulses, establishing what is termed "good blood." We have no rule of ethics by which to improve the stock of men and women, nor have we any medicine, nor elixir, to give perfection to the animal in man. There is something needed to produce the *thoroughbred*. This journal is open to suggestions, and will be willing to advance the intent of this feature in humanity as in any other grade of stock.—*Philadelphia Thoroughbred Stock Journal.*

A discovery of silver ore, "assaying \$26,000 to the ton," is reported to have been made in the Turkey Creek Valley, 23 miles southwest of Prescott, Arizona

Value of old Gold.

It is not so long ago that an eminent dentist, in calculating the loss of gold to the world in the one item of teeth fillings buried with the dead, prophesied that in a few hundred years the entire gold in the world would become exhausted.

This may or may not be so. Life is far too short to enter into illogical reasonings; yet we cannot ignore the fact that the waste in precious metals alone is perfectly enormous.

A trifle of a trinket, bearing upon its surface but a particle of gold, is carelessly cast aside as worthless; and yet men toil and suffer and die in quest of particles of no greater value, for it is an established fact that the small particles known as gold dust, obtained frequently under almost insurmountable difficulties, have not only greatly enriched the world but they bear no inconsiderable part in making up the world's riches.

The gaudy bauble of the lady of fashion, no matter how beautiful in itself or how much improved by the artistic mind and work of some artisan, carries per chance in every dazzling flash of its beguiling lustre the sad story of the pain and the suffering of some human being.

If the man, then, who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before can justly be regarded as a philanthropist, how infinitely greater is the philanthropic work of him who husbands the riches of the world, and who from the dirt and mire and muck of work and trade and wear brings back the lost particles and places in the hands of men the bright, crude, glittering lumps of gold for further use which but for him would have been lost to the world forever.

Is there such a man? you ask. Yes, we answer; and to him is due the credit of reclaiming hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold, silver and other precious metals. Mr. J. L. Clark is that man, and his extensive refining and smelting establishment at Philadelphia, from a small beginning now almost monopolizes that branch of the mechanical arts, for nearly all of the workers of gold and silver in the city are dependent upon his science and skill to glean back for them riches, which, without his or other equally skillful aid, would have been lost.

There is nothing too small or complicated in this line that his genius cannot reach. Mr. Clark does a large business in refining the refuse of manufacturers, such as dentists' remainders, fillings and sweeps; silversmiths' polishings and stonings; photographers' silvered paper and gold and silver liquid residues; silver-platers' wire and chloride of silver, and gold and silver cyanide solutions; the sweepings and gold rags of bookbinders; also, battered old jewelry, silverware, teeth-plates, etc. These latter articles are tested on presentation, and on a basis of this test immediate payment is made, and often the price obtained causes gratified surprise to the owner. Four smelting furnaces are in operation in Mr. Clark's establishment. The product of the odds and ends mentioned amounts to over \$2000 a week.

American Fables.

A peasant who had often heard that Truth was a Jewel lying at the bottom of a well, one day descended into his well to search for the treasure. He skinned his knees and elbows, barked his nose, ran an old fork into his foot, and shivered around for six long hours before his wife drew him up and asked: "What in Goodness' name were you doing down there?" "Looking for Truth," "Why, I could have told you before you went down that you were the biggest fool in America!" Moral: You can get more Truth than you want around the well-curb.—The Sailor and the Shark: A sailor who had fallen overboard and was speedily interviewed by a shark, cried out to his enemy: "Have pity on a man who is down?" "My friend," replied the Shark, "a man who keeps himself above water is of no use to me. Now is my time! Moral: The man who falls overboard in business can expect no favors of the sheriff.—The Fox and the Farmer: A Fox one day made a call upon a Peasant and bitterly complained of the custom of shutting poultry up at nights in Fox-proof pens. "It isn't because I suffer at all," added Reynard, "but think how uncomfortable it must be for the poor fowls. It is their condition I wish to mitigate." The Peasant took the matter under advisement, and next evening he neglected to shut up his Fowls. Next morning he came across the Fox just as he had finished feasting on a fat Pullet and cried out: "Ah! this is the way you take to pity my poor Fowls, is it?" "Well, you see," grinned Reynard, "I feel very sorry for the Fowls, but at the same time cannot afford to miss an opportunity." Moral: The man with ten acres of land to sell is the chap who first sees the need of an orphan asylum.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Etiquette and Steel Forks.

The writers of treatise on etiquette, however much they may differ upon many points of behavior, all agree in telling us that one should not eat with the knife. Now, this is a questioning age, when the caustic intellect of the rising generation bites into all assertions which our predecessors have accepted as axioms, and it may not be out of place to inquire if there is any good existing reason why man should not carry food to his mouth with a knife. The prejudice against the use of the knife grew up when the guests at an Anglo-Saxon dinner-party brought their knives with them to the feast and cut therewith their portions from the common dishes. Now it is obvious that it would be improper to eat with the knife which was to be put into the common dish. Our refined ancestors, therefore, conveyed their portions to their mouths with their fingers, after having cut them out with their case knives. Refined ladies then would have had reason for shrinking with disgust from a man who did not eat with his fingers. The well-known saying that "fingers were made before forks" was once replied to by a clever Bostonian by the assertion that his fingers were not. But when forks came in and supplanted fingers the reason for the prejudice against the use of the knife faded away, and our sensible forerunners of the last century, finding it impossible to balance their small vegetables upon the two-pronged forks of the period, used their knives fearlessly, and in a few old families the knives with their rounded edges and broadened ends still exist, showing the manner of a bygone age, as fossils show the animal world of the silurian period.

But, within the last few years, since silver forks have come into use, knives are not allowed to approach the mouths, and a host at a dinner would prefer that his guest should backbite their neighbors or make puns, rather than that they should eat with their knives. It is obvious that the objection that the mouth may be cut by the knife, is not tenable; one might as well assert that the sharp points of the fork are likely to put out the latter's eye. It is simply a prejudice, which holds sway over human minds and which people observe, just as they retain two buttons over the coat-tail, long after the reason for them has ceased to exist. The prejudice is so deep-rooted that courts have taken judicial cognizance of it. Not long ago a German traveler was eating a piece of Bologna sausage in a railway train, using his knife. The train suddenly stopped, just as the edge of the knife was against his mouth, and the man's cheek was badly cut. The man sued the company for damages, but the claim was not sustained for the reason that it is not good manners to eat with a knife.

Making Fiddle Strings.

Violin, guitar and banjo strings, and strings of all sorts that come under the general head of "gut," are made from the entrails of lambs and cattle, from the delicate threads used for sewing racket-ball covers up to the half-inch thick round belts. After a lamb is seven months old its entrails are no longer fit for making strings for violins; consequently this branch of the manufacture can only be carried on a few months in each year. All the work of making gut strings is about the same, but greater care has to be exercised in preparing those intended for musical instruments than others. The process of manufacturing those is comparatively simple, but far from easy. When the entrails, for which a good price has to be paid, are thoroughly cleaned, they are split with a razor. Only one-half is fit for use in violin strings. That is the upper or smooth half. The lower half is fatty, rough and of unequal thickness. The strips are put through rollers turned by hand for eight or nine days to take all the stretch out of them. Then they are spun or twisted. Five or six strands go to make an E string, eight or nine an A string, and twenty are put into a D string. Then they go through a bleaching bath of sulphur fumes. After that they are twisted again. Then they are softened in pearlash water, again subjected to the action of the sulphur fumes, twisted again, dried and finally rubbed down smooth with pumice stone. Altogether, it takes ten or eleven days to make a string. When done they are each seventy-two inches long—four lengths for a violin—and thirty of them coiled separately and tied together make up the "bundle" of the trade. We can make just as good violin strings here as the best that come from Saxony or any other part of Germany, and very much better than any that are made in France, but we cannot compete with the best Italian strings in point of quality. Except in the latter, not more than one in three will be absolutely correct and equal in tone throughout; but there is one maker in Italy who, by some secret process of his own, secures and guarantees perfect accuracy throughout for every thing he makes. He does not make more than sixty or one hundred

bundles a year, but his strings command \$10 per bundle here—cost that to the importer—while other Italian strings are worth only \$3 or \$4, and others only \$1.50. The Italian makers have one great advantage—the raw material is thin, fine, free from fat, and evenly smooth all around, so that they can use the whole, instead of having to split it, as we must. That gives to their completed strings a durability and evenness that we cannot attain. No gut harp-strings are manufactured in this country.

For the Prudent Housekeeper.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

A HANDSOME LAMBREQUIN for a corner bracket of ebony is made of dark blue satin, with a band of plush or velvet across the bottom. The satin should be fringed out to form the finish; on the satin paint or embroider some stalks of golden rod, with a butterfly fluttering them. Another pretty way to fix a bracket is to have simply a band of fringed-out crimson satin tacked to it with a delicate vine painted in oil or water-colors on it.

TO CLEAN STRAW MATTING.—Wash it with weak salt and water and dry it well, or boil a small bag of bran in two gallons of water and wash the matting with the water, drying it well.

When washing lisle thread gloves, do not use soap; instead of that put a teaspoonful of ammonia in one quart of water. If washed this way, there is no danger of there being spots and streaks in the gloves, as there would almost certainly be if washed in the usual way.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—When painted work is badly discolored, put a tablespoonful of ammonia water into a quart of moderately hot water, and with the aid of flannel wipe off the surface. Rubbing is not necessary. When the discoloration is not great, the following method is preferable. With a piece of clean flannel wet with clean, warm water, and then squeezed nearly dry, take up as much whiting of the best quality as will adhere, apply this with moderate rubbing to the painted work, and afterward wash the surface with clean water, and rub it dry with chamolis leather. This method is superior to the use of soap, requires but half the time and labor, and leaves the surface cleaned, looking as good as new. It will not injure delicate colors.

Sentiment.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.

Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches.—*Emerson.*

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—*Daniel O'Connell.*

The best part of the record of every man's life is that of what he has done for others.—*Dr. George E. Ellis.*

Cares are often more difficult to throw off than sorrows; the latter die with time, the former grow upon it.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.

Although we have no faith in the flattery, the flatterer after all attracts us. We cannot but feel some gratitude toward one who takes the trouble to lie to please us.—*Marie Eschenbach.*

A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all.—*Washington Irving.*

Home is the centre of the social system. From it proceeds the best and purest influence felt in the world, and towards it gravitate the tenderest hopes of humanity. For it all good men labor while their working days last, and around it their last thoughts linger lovingly when those days are done.

Brilliant Prospects.

Yesterday we met Bill Beatty with a gripsack swinging to one of his hands, going down Austin avenue. "Where are you bound for?" "I'm going to Leadville, to open an undertaker's establishment. There is millions in it." "You don't say so?" "Yes, my brother has just graduated as a doctor. He is going to practice in Leadville, and if I open an undertaker's establishment, he will give me all his custom. Good-bye, take care of yourself."

The Watteau back is very much used and very much admired for indoor dresses of crape, nun's veiling, soft silk, and for richer dinner dresses in Ottoman silk and brocade.

AT THE STATION.

came to the railroad station
As the train just thundered in.
Mid the pushing throng and confusion,
And dust, and hurry and din.

On the platform two lovers were standing,
Hand in hand, lip to lip, tear in eye.
And I said to myself: "They are bidding
Each other a long good-bye."

And I pitied the left and the leaving;
For I thought how sorrow lay.
Like a pain, on two hearts sundered
From each other for many a day.

But the train moved on, and the lovers.
Arm-in-arm walked down the street;
And I saw they had come to the station
Not to part there, but to meet.

And the tears I had seen were the language
Of a joy that no other speech knew—
The same that is uttered by sorrow
When bidding a long adieu.

For sorrow and joy, in expression
And in essence, are near of kin.
And they hallow this life which, without
them,
Were all dust, and hurry, and din.

From Demorest.

Speculating on One's Life.

The Chicagoan is nothing if not a speculator. He bets not only on grain and stocks, but on his very life. There are over twenty individuals in the chief city of Illinois whose lives are insured for \$100,000 and over. John V. Farewell, of that city has written to his credit \$223,000 when he dies. Two hundred others in Chicago are insured for \$50,000 and over, and over one thousand for \$20,000 and upward. Among the prominent men of Eastern cities who carry large amounts of insurance we will name Cyrus W. Field, of New York, who has \$250,000; F. B. Roberts, New York, \$200,000; Charles Pratt, Brooklyn, \$200,000; Alexander Barrett, New York, \$200,000; F. W. de Voe, New York, \$245,000; Pierre Lorillard, New York, \$255,000; James Park, Jr., Pittsburg, \$300,000; W. H. Langley, Gillipolis, O., \$300,000; Charles M. Ruuk, Allentown, Pa., \$200,000; G. K. Anderson, Titusville, Pa., \$315,000.

Another Ship Canal.

The peculiar success of the Suez Canal has started similar enterprises all over the globe. De Lesseps' great canal across the Isthmus of Panama is now well under way. The project for another canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans across Nicaragua, has all been mapped out and has earnest believers, among whom is General Grant. The money has been raised for connecting the Atlantic with the Gulf of Mexico, across the upper part of the peninsula of Florida. A French company have raised \$8,000,000 to complete the old scheme to construct a ship canal to connect Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. This canal is to be twenty-seven feet deep and one hundred and seventy-one feet wide at low tide. When this canal is finished Baltimore will become a great commercial city. This is a work, by the way, which should have been undertaken by the United States. But the American people seem determined not to let their Government make the necessary river and harbor improvements. It is political death to any Congressman who votes for an appropriation of this kind, however needful it may be. Very important and necessary works, which were under way, are now going to ruin because Congress at its last session did not dare to appropriate \$7,000,000 to keep up the work already begun.

Cheap Telegraphy.

In Great Britain a telegram of twenty words, with the address, can be sent to any part of the kingdom for one shilling, about twenty-five cents of our money. On the Continent, where the Governments have control of the telegraph, the rates are much cheaper. In Belgium and Switzerland, for instance, there are half-franc telegrams—that is, something less than ten cents of our money—while in Paris the telegraph system is supplemented by pneumatic tubes carrying post-cards for half a franc. The English Government paid ten million pounds for what was worth commercially not much more than seven millions, yet so great has been the increase of business, due to government control, that the shilling rate is soon to be reduced. The address will, as heretofore, be free, twelve cents will be charged for six words, eighteen cents for twelve words, and twenty-five cents, as now, for twenty words. Telegraphing in this country is under corporate control, and we are charged more than any other country on earth. All our family and business secrets are confided to the employees of Mr. Jay Gould, who, through his control of the telegraph, has the press at his mercy, and has the privilege of taxing the American people without any limitation of his power by the Government.

To Europe in Five Days.

Mr. James R. Thompson, who built "Aurania," of the Cunard line, and who is a very conservative shipwright, has been making forecasts touching the ocean steamships of the future. He predicts they will have two screws instead of one, but instead of seventeen

knots an hour they will go at the rate of twenty knots. But they will be constructed for passengers only. Freight will be carried by steamers specially designed for that work. The passenger steamers will really be ferry boats, and will probably leave the day after they arrive, and, as there will be no freight to discharge, they would only be detained long enough to take on provisions, fuel, and the mail. Hence the passenger steamer of the future will make fifty per cent. more trips than at present. The "Alaska" made twelve round voyages last year, which is little over seven days between New York and Queenstown, and once she arrived from abroad in 6 days, 18 hours, and 37 minutes. The best time made by any steamer is that of the "Stirling Castle," in the China tea trade, which has made 18.4 knots an hour. The "Oregon," of Guion line, is expected to make even better time than that. In other words, before the year 1900 a trip to Europe will only take a little over five days.

The Wisdom of Simplicity.

One of Turgeneff's latest tales has a shrewd touch of humor. He recounts how Giarfar, the renowned vizier of Haroun Alraschid, while yet young and undistinguished, rescued a mysterious old man from assassins, and afterwards visited this old man at his request. The old man took Giarfar by the hand and led him into a garden inclosed by high walls, in the midst of which grew a strange tree, in semblance like a cypress only its leaves were of an azure hue. Upon this tree hung three apples; one of longish shape and white as milk; the second round and red; the third little, shriveled and yellow. "Youth," said the old man, "pluck and eat one of these apples. If thou eatest the white, thou wilt be the wisest of men; if the red, thou wilt be the richest; if the yellow, thou wilt be singularly acceptable to all old women. But make speed; the charm loses its virtue within an hour." Giarfar, ruminating with much perplexity, "If I know everything," thought he, "I shall know more than is good for me; if I become too rich other men will envy me. I will eat the yellow apple." And he did so. The old man laughed with his toothless mouth, and exclaimed: "Good youth! in sooth thou hast chosen the better part. What need hast thou of the white apple; thou art already wiser than Solomon. Nor needst thou the red apple, either; thou wilt be rich enough without it, and none will envy thee." "Venerable sage," responded Giarfar, "deign to indicate to me the dwelling of the august mother of the Commander of the Faithful." The old man bowed to the ground and showed the way. And Giarfar is he gretted a subject in Bagdad.

Trouble Over a Small Debt.

Horace Horton, of Athens, Tioga county, borrowed twenty-five cents of Gil Clark, giving a note for the amount. Clark entered the note in the Prothonotary's office and a fine was issued on it. The Sheriff seized Horton's team, when Josh Lull paid the claim and took an assignment of the judgment. A friend offering Horton assistance Horton drew on him for twenty-five cents, but the draft went to protest. Afterwards Geo. Fuller and Fred Sherman sent their check on the bank for the amount, signing it Fuller, Sherman & Co., but the bank, having no such account on their books, protested the check and sent it back.

Now the query seems to be: "How can this matter be satisfactorily settled so that Mr. Horton may have the undoubted legal ownership of his horses, and not be in constant dread of an attachment? And further, there are prothonotary and sheriff fees, and notary fees, and fees for exchange and exchange, which are constantly augmenting the amount of the bill.

Petrarch.

The Books About the Poet Owned by Willard Fiske.

I asked Professor Fiske to tell me about his collection of the works of Petrarch, the great scholar and poet of Italy 500 years ago, who was crowned with the laurel wreath at Rome. "Well," he said, "it is a short story, hardly worth telling. I acquired new interests in Petrarch in 1880, while in Venice, and I got an edition of his works in Italian and read them to my wife as we went up the Nile. We had our own private boat, so that we were independent of time-tables, and we were enabled to carry forward reading and sight-seeing together. On returning to Paris, my wife was prostrated with the disease of which she died, and while watching by her bedside I began this collection. I had some cards printed asking for Petrarch literature, and circulated them all over Europe. The result was the collection of a library of 2000 volumes of Petrarch in the incredibly short space of two years.

Of the 500 editions of his works extant in many languages, I have all but half a dozen. I have the first edition of the sonnets and Italian poems, dated Venice, 1470—for that I paid \$1000. I have the second edition, Rome, 1471, and the third edition, Padua, 1472—the finest of all. This was compiled by Cardinal Bembo, from what were declared to be Petrarch's original manuscripts—now lost. During the last year I have passed my time in the libraries of Florence, Bologna, Venice and Padua in the morning, visited book-sellers in the afternoon, and in the evening catalogued my purchases. I have been to every place where Petrarch ever lived, to his birthplace, to the town where he went to school, to the various cities of his sojourn, to the home of his "Laura," to the place where he took priest's orders, to Montpellier, where he studied law, to Avignon, where he saw life, to the beautiful valley of Vancluse, where he wrote, to the little village of Arquà, where he died, and from every place I brought something.—W. A. Croftus.

Horticulture.

HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.—The Hybrid Perpetual Roses being hardy, and embracing nearly all colors, from the purest white to the richest crimson, are deservedly a very popular class of roses. They are of easy culture, not requiring but benefited by protection at their roots with mulching of leaves or evergreen boughs during winter. They thrive well in any rich soil, but best in a well prepared stiff loamy soil, carefully top-dressed with good rotted stable manure in the fall. The term perpetual might lead some to think they are as constant bloomers as the ever-blooming roses. This is not the case. They flower freely in June and at short intervals during the summer and fall.

BRINGING SHRUBS INTO SHAPE.—Before the buds start this spring is the time to impart a symmetrical form to ornamental shrubs. In order to prevent a check to their vigor, cut back the branches which are too long, before the buds open. If much out of shape the work may be done in two or three successive years. Avoid the stiffness sometimes resulting from shearing and allow a natural and graceful outline. Nearly every place new or old may be improved by setting out ornamental shrubs of which they are now deficient, provided the space they are to occupy is not already crowded, and without encroaching on desired breadth of clear lawn. A few kinds may be named which are among the finest ornaments. Deutzia gracilis, as well as deutzia scabra or crenata, weigela, viburnum plicatum, spiraea prunifolia, Persian lilac, prunella, purple barberry, silver bells, panicle hydrangea, and the hardy azaleas and hardy rhododendrons. The strong growing roses are not to be omitted provided they can have a good breadth of mellow, rich soil.—Country Gentleman.

A Woman's Wit.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. Governor B—used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote: One day there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman. "Be you the Squire?" asked the manly youth. "Yes, sir." "Can you tie the knot for us right away?" "Yes, sir." "How much do you charge?" "One dollar is the legal fee, sir." "Will you take your fee in beeswax?" "Yes, if you can't pay cash." "Well, go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax." "No," said the Squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun, "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you." Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched the horse, upon which, Darby and Joan fashion, they had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack. On being weighed, its value was found to be only sixty cents. "Wall," said the anxious youth, "tie the knot and I'll fetch more wax next week." "No, sir, I don't trust; that is against the rules of this office." Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying, "Come, Sal, let's go." "I say, mister," answered Sal, with a woman's wit, "can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?" "Yes, I can, and will," replied the Squire laughing, and he did.

Tradition relates that in some of the Spanish-Indian wars that followed the discovery of America, the Indians were so frightened at the flashing of the Spanish swords, that they determined to attack the Spaniards in the night when the glitter could not be seen. The fight was made; and alas! the sword cut just as keen in the dark though the glitter was unseen. "The sword of the Lord," is a terrible in the dark as in the daylight. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

After-Dinner Oratory.

The Great Superiority of American Over English Speakers.

It has often been debated whether it is to climate, to race, to the influence of free institutions, or to some other subtle cause that men owe the gift of eloquence, and in a little book called "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries," it is stated that the prince of American orators was firm in his conviction that, as a predisposing cause, climate outweighed all the rest. If such be the case, the climate of these islands is evidently less calculated to create good speakers than that of the North American Continent, as among us there is not one man fluent of tongue against the ten to whom our kinsfolk in the United States can point. Take, for instance, that rarest, and, to Englishmen, most difficult accomplishment of after-dinner oratory, and who, that has attended a public dinner in London, and another in New York, can doubt upon which side of the Atlantic the superiority in this respect lies?

About a quarter of a century since, Richard Cobden, then at his apogee as one of the most persuasive and practical speakers in the House of Commons, chanced to pay a visit to Chicago, in order to look after an investment he had made in the Illinois Central Railroad. There a complimentary dinner was given to him, at which some forty guests were included. Among them was a fairly representative sprinkling of the bankers, merchants, lawyers, speculators and what not of that wonderful young city; and, dinner being over, speaking was freely indulged in, the verdict of all present—Englishmen and Americans—being that the worst speeches of the evening came from Richard Cobden's lips.

People were wont, twenty years since, to regard Charles Dickens as an after-dinner speaker almost without a superior in either hemisphere. The last visit of the great novelist to the United States sufficed, however, to dissipate the illusion under which his countrymen were laboring. "Finally, gentlemen," remarked Charles Dickens, at the banquet given to him in New York on April 18, 1868, "I do believe that from every honest mind upon both sides of the Atlantic, there cannot be absent the conviction that it would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by an iceberg, and abandoned to the Arctic fox and bear, than it should present the spectacle of these two great nations, each of which has in its own way done so much for freedom, being ever arrayed, the one against the other."

Compare with the hyperbole of this extravagant, or, to use an Americanism, "hifalutin" elocution, the easy grace and dignity of the speech delivered with admirable effect by the American ambassador, James Russell Lowell, at the dinner recently given by the Institution of Civil Engineers. There were Englishmen present at that dinner who—again to employ an Americanism—were well calculated to "hold up their end of the plank." The House of Peers was represented by Lord Kimberley; the House of Commons by Mr. Bright, Sir Richard Cross and Mr. Childers. No one of ordinary culture who chanced to hear or to read the speeches delivered by the English cabinet minister would—to use a phrase of which Robert Southey was very fond—have "had his mind scratched" by any one of them. Mr. Bright, indeed, could not altogether get away from party politics, even upon that confessedly neutral ground. But when Mr. Lowell rose, there was, in the accents, the delivery, the voice, the manner, and still more in the words of the speaker, that which irresistibly engaged the fancy and riveted the attention of the hearers.

The Tenor and the Italian Dude.

A curious instance of Italian manners and customs is reported from Milan M. Prevost, the tenor at the Dal Verme Theatre, was at a cafe a few nights ago with a lady, when he observed a young man staring at her in the offensive way so common among young Italians who wish to be considered lady-killers. M. Prevost resented the offense to this extent: he boxed the young man's ear. When on the next night M. Prevost appeared on the stage he was received with a storm of yells and hisses. The second tenor then came forward to express a hope that as M. Prevost was not an Italian he might perhaps be excused if he did not quite understand Italian ways; but the audience went on yelling as before. A police officer now came forward and announced that the representation must cease, and then he was hissed. The second tenor made another attempt in vain. The police officer tried again, but with no more success. Finally M. Prevost himself appeared and urged that he had no hostile feeling toward Italy; that French and Italians had fought side by side, and that he had only wished to give a lesson to a youth who had acted offensively toward a lady. This little apology was favorably received and the representation was resumed.

Reminiscence of a Self-made Man.

BY MRS. MARY E. THROFF CONE.

Early one bright spring morning, some ten years ago, my sister and I found ourselves seated in one of the comfortable cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, bound for the great West.

It was a superb day, and as we swept away from Philadelphia and out through the open country, past hill and dale, wood and field, I leaned back in the seat and gave myself up to enjoyment. The window was up, the air was balmy, and the scenery wonderfully beautiful. There had been a rain the day before, and everything was glowing in the magnificent freshness of June. Light clouds like snow-drifts were sailing across the sky and shadowing the fields and slopes, so vividly green, between which the bright steel rails stretched their serpentine way. Tasteful villas and neat substantial farm houses everywhere graced the pleasant land. Groups of fat cattle dotted the distance, and barns that loomed up in rivalry to the farm-houses, often surpassing them in size and prominence, testified impressively to the wealth of the fertile region through which we were passing. A slight breeze was rippling the pink and white clover blossoms, toying with the green blades of the young corn, whispering to the leaves of the groves where birds were singing, and occasionally, and afar off, flashed a glimpse where bright blue waters were shining.

I have seen, in my wanderings, many more glorious landscapes than that of Chester Valley, riven rocks and lofty Alps, unfathomed and mighty waters, eloquent of the power and majesty of God, or glittering towers and gorgeous palaces full of the pride of man; but this tranquil scenery, teeming with abundance, breathes only of the love and beneficence of its creator. Yes, it was a superb day, and I sat gazing on the charming panoramas rapidly unfurling, as our iron horse bore us swiftly on, in a perfect dream of delight, which, all at once, was rudely broken by a shock, a crash, and a sudden quick whistle for "down brakes." A shudder of alarm, ran like an electric shock through the passengers, some starting to their feet, others sitting still, pale and waiting; but the one gentleman directly in front of us left the car instantly, quietly, and, returning in a few minutes, remarked in a distinct, reassuring tone that all could hear: "Only a cart derailed, served it right, carelessness, left it partly on the track." Seating himself in front again, and turning half around to us, he said kindly, for my sister was still trembling: "I hope you were not alarmed, Miss, there's really nothing to fear." Then, with gentle consideration and by way of diverting her mind, he called her attention to the Paoli, whose pleasant groves and shaded roads we were then passing, and sketched its history.

Whilst the gentleman was absorbing A's attention by his concise and graphic accounts, I could not resist watching him, he said so little and that little meant so much. He was a man of medium height, fine features, well-proportioned figure, rather inclined to embonpoint. He had a certain reserved air of the gentleman about him, and a look of remarkable penetration in his keen blue-gray eye. Though not a man of many words, he possessed the happy faculty of imbuing others with his own views and aims, and his whole bearing conveyed the idea of still strength, of repressed power.

Careful hands had prepared for us sandwiches and some delicacies, so that we preferred to decline his polite invitation to dine, when we arrived at Altoona. An invitation given with such tact and good breeding that it seemed eminently proper and kind.

When we were alone I whispered to A, "What a superior man!"

"Yes," said my sister, "how admirably he recounted in a few words the defeats, the weary marches, the struggles and the sufferings of the Continental Army for Liberty, as we passed by the localities where the scenes of the Revolutionary war had been enacted. Moreover," she continued, "he impressed me as exactly the kind of man who would have come unselfishly to the rescue of two helpless, unprotected women, if there had been a serious accident, involving loss of life, this morning."

Very soon the gentleman returned and resumed his place again, but three passengers had come to occupy the seat in front of him in the meantime—a weary looking, not over clean Irishwoman, with a stout restless boy of three years, and a dirty, fretful infant of ten or twelve months. The boy clamored for a drink of water. The mother disinclined or afraid to leave her cross baby and her bundles, tried to quiet him without it, especially as the cooler was at the other end of the car. She gave him cake and promised him candy if he would be content, but all to no purpose. "Water, water," nothing but a drink of water, would satisfy the young autocrat.

The gentleman in front had been dictating replies to telegrams from his window, but as soon as the car started, and he realized the dilemma of the worried mother opposite, he went for water, and bringing her a glassful presented it with the courtesy of a Chesterfield.

"There, did I not tell you so!" whispered my sister triumphantly. She was right—that little unselfish act was typical of the man, as I afterwards discovered. The benevolence of his nature flowed out like a deep silent stream. He gave freely as to him had been given. None sought aid from him in vain, when they presented a worthy cause. Noble hearted, enterprising, farseeing, judicious, and of untiring energy, this man was a leader amongst men.

Pittsburg was, at that time, the traveler's place of destination. He left us there, after having commended us to the especial care of the conductor, and we missed his protecting but unobtrusive kindness continually, as we pursued our journey.

Years afterward, traveling with my husband, the same gentleman and myself became fellow-travelers again. This time we met on the steamer Pennsylvania homeward bound from Liverpool.

It was directly after the failure of the world renowned firm of Jay Cooke & Co., and how many tourists with worthless letters of credit, consequent upon the great crash, this princely man helped out of their difficulties, he in his modesty and delicate consideration for the feelings of others, would not be willing to have made known.

He regretted sincerely that Jay Cooke had been forced into bankruptcy; said it was not only unnecessary but wrong, and that the only fault attributable to the great financier was the fact that his sagacious, progressive mind was a score of years in advance of his times.

The traveler had one peculiarity that I envied him: he could conquer sleep. The drowsy god would come at his bidding; and not unfrequently, in the day time, when the passengers were chatting around him, have I seen him close his eyes and doze off for an hour or more. As usual, he was kind to all during the voyage, and carefully attentive to his young wife, of whom he was evidently very proud, and with reason, for she bore the stamp of nature's nobility on her graceful form and beautiful face.

Again I stand beside him, but he has started on the long journey from which no traveler returns. Again it is spring, and the sunshine is on my head, the air is kissing my cheek, and I can hear the rush and whistle of the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the distance; but he, the mainspring of its greatness, has sought the silent grave and laid him down to rest. Here in Woodland Cemetery, "the little city white and still," under tall trees, beautiful with sunshine and verdure, and tuneful with the song of birds and whispering breezes, he sleeps "the sleep that knows no waking." A massive granite tomb mark the grave, fit emblem of the massive intellect of him whose pulse is stilled forever; but grander and more enduring than all the granite of earth is the giant corporation moulded by the master mind of Col. Thomas A. Scott, controlling the mightiest railway system in the world.

[The above is published as a specimen of descriptive eulogy, which for simplicity of style, purity of English and absence of verbiage and tautology is a gem of composition, from the pen of one of the most beautiful writers in America.]

An Honest Boy.

There were a dozen of us waiting around the depot at Chattanooga to take the train for Atlanta, and pretty soon a stout, red-faced and high-tempered man from Columbus, O., began jawing about the way he had been bled by the waiters at the hotel, and added that there wasn't a single honest nigger south of Mason and Dixon's line. "I beg your pardon, but I must differ with you," remarked a man from South Carolina. "Differ be hanged!" shouted the fat man. "I wouldn't trust one of 'em out of sight with a 10-cent piece." "Oh, you certainly misunderstand them. I'll bet you the cigars that if I give one of 'em a \$10 bill to get changed he'll return as straight as a string." "I'll do it. Give your money to that chap by the window." The gentleman walked over, took a bill from his pocket, and quietly said: "Boy, run up-town and get change for this." "Yes, sah," was the reply, as the youth hurried out. In about fifteen minutes he returned, walked up to the Carolinian, returned the bill and said: "Went all ober, sah, but couldn't get it busted." He was rewarded with a dime, and the Buckeye, after a great deal of puffing and blowing and wondering over it paid the cigars. As we boarded the train I asked the winner: "Did you know the boy?" For answer he took the bill from his vest pocket and unfolded it. It was a \$10 Confederate note.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.
CENTRE HALL, PA., Jun 14, 1883.
The Largest Paper in Centre County.
TERMS.—\$2 per year in advance. \$2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. Yearly and half yearly ads at special rates.
One column per year \$10—2 column \$15.
Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium.
For Completeness and Variety
of Stock the
THE FAIR & SUPPLY DEPOT,
Spring Mills, Penn'a.
"Takes the Cake." No place
for shopping like 'em "in this
neck o'-the-woods.
G. R. S. & Co. WHITMER & Co
THE FAIR "Supply Depot"

SAVE 20 PER CENT
by calling at
D. GARMAN & SONS,
BUSH ARCADE, BELLEFONTE, PA.
for your
Dry-goods, Notions and Gents
Furnishing Goods.
Every thing marked in plain
figures and at the lowest possi-
ble price. Try us. 29m3m
LOCAL ITEMS.
—There will be no camp meeting at
Wayne this year.
—Mr. L. C. Wynn, of Potters Mills,
avowed us with a call.
—On some farms in our valley the
clover is so heavy that it has lodged.
—Rev. W. K. Foster will hold com-
munion services in the Presbyterian
church, at Centre Hill, next Sabbath in
the forenoon.
—The measles are prevailing among
the little folks in the vicinity of Hub-
bersburg.
—Geo. W. Spangler, of near Tuss-
ville, gave us a call-jolly and in good
humor as usual.
—The Gentzel Bros. are putting up a
large barn on their farm near Zion.
—A heavy rain in the vicinity of
Wolf's Store, on Saturday evening, did
considerable damage to fields.
—Rev. J. T. Williams, formerly pas-
tor of the Lutheran church of Boalsburg,
died at York, Pa., a few days ago.
—The big show will provide itself
with a month's groceries at Sechler's.
O'Brien finds it the best and cheapest
establishment along his whole route.
—A charter was granted a few days
ago to the Centre Building and Loan
Association, of Bellefonte, Capital stock,
\$1,000,000. Gen. James A. Beaver is the
heaviest stockholder.
—The new railroad bridge across
Shamokin dam, at Sunbury, was com-
pleted on Sunday, 3. The painting cost
\$4,000.
—The Centre Democrat folks have
put themselves into a new and pleasant
sanctum—maybe now they'll be sanc-
tioned.
—Fruit and vegetables, in season, al-
ways to be had at Dinges' store. Pro-
duce of all kinds wanted and highest
prices paid for same.
—Doll & Mingle still lead off in
boots and shoes, both for elegance of
goods and low prices—that is the ver-
dict of all who tread sole leather.
They warrant what they sell, and study
to please.
—The Lutheran church at Logans-
ville, Rev. J. K. Miller's charge, was en-
tirely remodeled at an expense of some
\$1200 and re-dedicated last Sabbath.
There was a large attendance, and a suffi-
cient sum was raised to pay the debt.
Rev. Fischer, of this place, assisted in
dedication ceremonies.
—Maj. Fisher having been urged in
the Journal for associate judge, declines
on account of business engagements.
The Major would make one of the best
looking judges in the state.
—A fellow, the other day, asked us
what compound wickedness was. We
told him it was when a fellow ordered a
paper, lifted it regularly, then quit tak-
ing it without paying for it.
—Cheap goods at Dinges' Bargain
store—whether dress-goods, notions,
clothing for men or boys, hats, caps, and
shoes for all ages and seasons. The Bar-
gain store also keeps constantly the
purest and freshest groceries in market.
Don't miss the Pennsylvania Bargain
store if you would save money.
—The Spring Mills Academy will be
reopened July 23, under the direction of
Prof. Robb, who comes highly recom-
mended. He is a brother of that well-
known educator, Prof. Robb, of the State
Normal, at Lock Haven.
—Will Smith, son of Dr. Smith, de-
ceased, of this place, has gone into the
mercantile business in Clifford, Lapeer
Co., Mich., being a partner in the firm of
McKinzie & Smith. Hope he will reap
an abundance of shekels.
—Mr. Daniel Hess, of Linden Hall,
favored the Reporter with a call a few
days ago. Mr. Hess is getting tired of
the dilly-dallying of the Pennsylvania
Railroad, in regard to our road, and
thinks the law should be invoked to
make these fellows toe the mark on their
promises or refund the money taken
from our people and pay for lands taken
—an idea which the Reporter threw out
long ago. We should like to see the case
tried before Mr. Hess as judge and jury
—speedy justice would follow.
FRESH MEAT.—James A. Deckert's
Spring Mills meat market supplies fresh,
salted beef, constantly, also pork, veal
and mutton in season. Potters Mills,
Centre Hill and Penn Hall will be sup-
plied from the wagon, two days each
week. 10may6m
JOB PRINTING.—Having added some
new fonts of job-type to our office, and
a lot of stationery at low prices, we can
furnish 1000 printed envelopes at \$1.75;
ruled bill heads at \$3.40 per 1000, and
letter heads at same low rates, for cash.
The first train over the new Shamokin,
Sunbury and Lewisburg road will run on
the 15th.
—Sechlers keep none but fresh and pure
Groceries—first class goods always.

SPRING MILLS.
Prof. Lewis Robb will open the Spring
Mills Academy July 23.
Jas. A. McClinton and W. F. Barick
have broken ground for their new houses.
An attempt was made to rob Bibby's
hotel on night of 5, but guests gave the
alarm and the thieves fled. Several pis-
tol shots were exchanged, but nobody
hurt.
RE-OPENING OF THE SPRING
MILLS ACADEMY.
The fall term of this institution will
open on the 23d of July, '83, under the
advice of Prof. D. M. Wolf, and will
continue for a term of ten weeks. All
persons desiring to prepare for teaching,
or entrance into college, will find this a
very desirable place to do so. No pains
will be spared to give entire satisfaction.
For further information or reference
address, PROF. LEWIS ROBBS,
Prof. D. M. WOLF, Principals,
or I. J. GREENBLE, Spring Mills, Pa.
The Huntingdon Monitor, 7, says,
during the prevalence of a storm in the
lower end of the county, on Monday af-
ternoon, Charles Crowley, aged about 18
years, a son of Jerre Crowley, a well
known farmer who resides about 2 miles
from Mount Union, was struck by a bolt
of lightning and almost instantly killed.
Mr. Crowley, David Daughenbaugh and
Charles Wengert, engaged in hauling wood. The
time the bolt descended Charles was
on top of the wagon stacking the wood as
it was delivered to him, and was hurled
to the ground. His father and Mr. D.
were stunned and prostrated, as were also
the horses.
—We were pleased to have a call
from our old friend, Fr. Zettler, of Gregg.
He gave us an account of a tremendous
rain storm, accompanied by hail, which
passed over Georges Valley, on after-
noon of 13, doing great damage to the
fields.
—Wm. S. Fletcher, of Kansas City,
writes to his father Rev. Fletcher, of
Lock Haven, that the murder of his
brother at Tipton, Mo., was a willful,
deliberate crime, and one wherein the
murderer was wholly the aggressor.
We made mention of this murder in our
last week's issue. Mr. Fletcher, the
father of the murdered boy, was formerly
pastor of the Lutheran church at Pine
Grove Mills.
Whenever a lady wants a handsome
and stylish shoe she goes to Doll & Mingle,
in the Brouckhoff house block,
and finds what she wants—she seeks no
further.
—Camp's furniture for assortment
and quality is the equal of any stock in
this county. Mr. Camp warrants his
goods, and any inspection of it will sat-
isfy any judge that the Centre Hall fur-
niture rooms are second to none in the
central part of the state. Do not fail to
give Camp a call before purchasing fur-
niture elsewhere.
—If that little boy of yours needs a
suit, take him to the Philad. Branch,
and you can have him rigged out in a
new Sunday-go-to-meetin suit for \$2.50.
Just think of it! who would have
thought that things would come down to
such low figures as that. But that is the
style at the Philad. Branch and the style
of clothing there is always the latest too.
—The Penn Harrow for sale by Al-
exander & Co. tf

ST. ELMO HOTEL.
No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Reduced rates to \$2.00 per day. The
traveling public will still find at the Hotel
the same liberal provision for their com-
fort. It is located in the immediate
centres of business and places of amuse-
ment and different railroad depots, as well
as all parts of the city, are easily accessible
by Street Cars constantly passing the
doors. It offers special inducements
to those visiting the city for business or
pleasure.
Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGE, Proprietor.
MADISONBURG ITEMS.
Memorial Day. The delegation which
arrived here from Rebersburg made
Madisonburg lively; the decorating pro-
gram was very creditable, although an
address was looked for, no remarks were
made, all was done quietly and properly.
The Brushvalley band furnished the music.
The corner stone of the new Luth-
eran church was laid Sunday, 3. Rev.
Miller, of Logansville, preached both
sermons—morning and evening. Mr.
Miller also made an address to the Sun-
day school in the morning. B. W. Moyer
lost a very fine horse for which he re-
fused a large price. Andrew Guiser's
new residence on Main street is an im-
provement to the town; it was put up by
two good workmen—Hoover and Hasel.
Daniel Weaver, above town, last week,
lost a very fine cow; she fell over an
embankment 30 feet high and broke
her neck. The glorious 4th of July is to
be properly observed in our town under
the direction of the Union Hall Co. The
locust blossoms are here and, according
to an old saying, it is now safe to take
off your winter under clothing. Batter
took a tumble last week to 12 cents.
Goods received daily at the new store of
Bartges & Reber. Eggs should be sold
by weight and not by the dozen. The
change could be brought about if farm-
ers would take an interest in the matter
and remind each legislator that they
wished the change made. Not a long
time ago in one of our neighboring towns
a celebrated minister delivered a dis-
course on the text "He giveth his be-
loved sleep." Observing that a large num-
ber of his hearers were nodding their
heads he suddenly stopped and said:
"Brethren, it is hard to realize the un-
bounded love which the Lord appears to
have for a large portion of this congrega-
tion." E. S. Shafer, of near Madisonburg,
left a hen egg at Bartges & Reber's store
which measures 6x8 1/4 inches; those are
the kind of eggs I. E. would like to buy
at 14 cents per dozen. The telephone ex-
change is now in full blast, at least as far
as Madisonburg and Howardsville branch
is concerned, and as will be seen below
many have taken advantage of the same
by taking instruments. We have already
found it to be of service to us, and we be-
lieve we only echo the sentiments of all
when we say that it will prove one of the
greatest conveniences that Madisonburg
has ever enjoyed, of course outside of
railroad facilities. Jacob Heinley is con-
fined to his bed having been quite ill the
last few days; he is now in care of Dr.
Reber. Simon Smith's new house is com-
pleted. Madisonburg markets: Wheat
white 1.00, rye .50, oats .14, potatoes .40,
wool .30, butter .12, eggs .14, lard .10,
country hams .12, shoulders .30, sides .10,
cattle 60c, sheep active at 44c, milch
cows 50c. Brush.

BIG FIRE IN SNOW SHOE.
On last Saturday night Gran's store, in
Snow Shoe, was destroyed by fire. The
stock of goods is put at \$25,000. There
were, besides, two houses and several
stables burned. The fire is supposed of
incendiary origin.
Mrs. James T. Hale, of Bellefonte, died
peacefully at the residence of her daughter
in Coatesville, on Sunday morning. Her
father was the late Hon. Charles Huston
whose long services as a Judge of the Su-
preme Court of the State, made his name
honored as one of the ablest members of
that judiciary, his term covered many
years. The burial will take place from her
late home in Bellefont, on Wednesday,
June 13th. Her son George, who is now
journing in the West, and both daughters
were present at her bedside.
Ridott, Stephenson Co., Ill., June 9.—
I send you a few lines for publication
from this section. I arrived here on
morning of June 8 from Spring Mills via
P. & R. R. to Erie, Mich. Southern and
Lake Shore R. R. to Chicago, and Chi-
cago & Northwestern here. This is a
nice section of country, but do not think
it is as healthy as Central Penn'a. Crops
look well; some corn is 4 inches high,
though some farmers just finished plant-
ing. The soil is of a black
sandy loam, and in a very wet
season like now there is plenty of mud.
The hay crop will be good, potatoes are
six or more inches high. There is con-
siderable woods in this part of the state
but mostly small timber. W. H. Dueser.
Near Livingston, Stafford county,
George Cromer made a proposition of
marriage to Miss Tillie Wensell, who re-
fused him. He then drew a revolver, shot
her twice, knocked her down with the
weapon and then cut his own throat. Both
are expected to die.
The powder explosion at Scutari killed
seventeen men.
Thirty-two deaths from yellow fever oc-
curred at Havana during the past week.
Perfect health depends upon a perfect
condition of the blood. Pure blood con-
quers every disease and gives new life to
every decayed or ailing person. Strong
nervous and perfect digestion enables the
system to stand the shock of sudden cli-
matic changes. An occasional use of
Brown's Iron Bitters will keep you in a
perfect state of health. Don't be deceived
by other iron preparations said to be just
as good. The genuine is made only by
Brown Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.
Sold by all dealers in medicines.

JURORS—AUGUST COURT.
GRAND JURORS.—Liberty—T. S. Winslow, D.
Robb, A. C. Brown, Marion—Wm. Irving, Mich.
Helm—Jacob Alters, P. Moyer, Walker—Mich.
Corman, Benner—W. H. Taylor, Fred. Taylor,
Howard—J. B. Hall, J. H. Hall, H. H. H.
Idings, Boggs—Wm. Kline, And. Heaton,
Phillipsburg—R. Kincaide, B. L. Laport, Harris-
Chas. Moore, Bellefonte—A. J. Brown, J. C.
Spawolke—Wm. Quick, Miles—H. H. Dolan,
Taylor—H. V. Fink, Spring—A. L. Stine,
Milesburg—N. L. Lingle.
TRAVERSE JURORS.
Boggs—L. R. Lingle, I. Shultz, C. C. Eckert, J. F.
Weaver, Jas. Noll, C. M. Laughlin, Patton—W. L.
Furst, John Musser, I. Gray, Bellefonte—D. Z.
Kline, Jacob Fack, A. Stornberg, Jas. Dolan, I. C.
Miller, Walker—Jacob Dunkle, Ed. Fock,
Ferguson—R. G. Brett, J. M. Moyer, J. R. Smith, F. S.
Gray, Phillipsburg—S. Shmidt, J. V. Gray, J. J.
Sawyer, A. Altherton, Howard—Reber, J. W.
Haines—John C. Stover, F. Dutweiler, J. D.
Bower, Rush—R. M. Ford, T. Laughlin, Liberty
—Jas. R. Bunnard, H. A. Snyder, Milesburg—
Sam'l Weiser, Jr., M. Ulrich, Spring—Alex. Mil-
ler, Henry Harman, H. H. Griffith, Snow Shoe—
J. Jacobs, J. Delany, Benner—H. A. Knarr,
Half Moon, John A. Hunter, John Ward,
North, W. Woodring, Miles, Chas. H. Brun-
gart, Milesburg, J. Bodine, Spring, Daniel
Wian.
PHILAD. MARKET.
Flour, Minnesota patents 7 1/2c 00, winter wheat
patents 7 1/2c 75 family 5 1/2c 75,
Waco, Pat 1 1/2c 25, Longevity 1 1/2c 22,
Corn, yellow 64c 1/2, sullied on track 50c 00,
mixed 50c 00.
Oats, prime 45c 1/2, white 47c 1/2, mixed 44c 1/2.
PRODUCE.
Apple butter—45c 50 per pound.
Apples—20c 1/2 00 for medium, choice 40c 1/2 50
per bushel, fancy 45c 1/2 00.
Bees—Prime medium 2 1/2c 25 per bushel, prime na-
tives 2 1/2c 49, 1 1/2c 50c 49.
Butter—Creamery 22c 1/2, salted, prime do 20c 1/2,
common to medium 18c 1/2, fancy creamery 22c 1/2,
Coke—Ohio factory 9 1/2c, York Goshen 12c
12, Sevier 10c 1/2.
Beeswax—Quoted at 23c 1/2 lb.
Dried Fruit—Apples sliced 6c 1/2, evaporated 15
c 1/2, quarters 8c 1/2, peaches, berries, 7c 1/2, pecked 12
c 1/2, cherries 20c 1/2, raspberries 22c 1/2, blackberries
9 1/2c.
Eggs—No. 1 Penna. and Ohio fresh in bbls, or
cases 17c 1/2.
Feathers—Live geese 60c 1/2 in packages, in small
lots 10c 1/2 more.
Grapes—Per bushel 1 1/2c 1/2 49.
Potatoes—Early rose 7c 1/2 per bushel on track
and 8c 1/2 more. Peerless 7c 1/2 per bushel.
Tongue—Live turkeys 7c 1/2 lb.
Sweet Corn—We quote at 4c 1/2 per lb.
Honey—18c 1/2 per pound, 7 1/2c 1/2.
Tallow—City and country 7 1/2c 1/2.
Hourly—We quote at 2 1/2c 1/2 per bushel.
Sweet Corn—Country 6c 1/2 50 per bushel, and re-
fined 9c 1/2 50.
Dressed Hogs—Sales at 7c 1/2 per pound.
Seeds—Timothy 2 1/2c 25 per bushel, cover small,
9c 1/2 00.
Said—No. 1 per bushel 1 1/2c, No. 1 extra 1 1/2c, dairy
1 1/2c, C. 1 1/2c, Glouc. Feeder 1 1/2c.
GROCERIES.
Green Coffee—Fancy Rio 12c 1/2, choice Rio
12c 1/2, prime Rio 11c 1/2, good Rio 10c 1/2, Java 20
c 1/2.
Roasted Coffee—In papers 12c 1/2, in bulk 12c
1/2.
Sugars—Standard A 9c 1/2, Prairie B 8c 1/2, re-
fined yel w 7c 1/2, granulated 9c 1/2, crushed
9c 1/2, powdered 9c 1/2.
Syrup—Cane Maple 57, prime do 56, Black-
strap 54.
Rice—Louisiana 7c 1/2, Carolina 7c 1/2, Head
rice 5c 1/2.
HIDES.
Green steer hides 75 pounds and up per lb 3c 1/2
green steer hides 60 to 75 pounds 3c 1/2, green bull
hides under 60 pounds 6c 1/2, green cow hides all
weights 6c 1/2. Above prices for top hides un-
dressed free from hair, tails and joints, shins uncut and
without grubs or other alien uses. Green calf
skins 8 to 15 pounds, 9c 1/2; rendered tallow, ber-
rels, kegs and boxes, 6c 1/2; wool skins, each, 7c 1/2
1 1/2; wool skins dry, each, 2c 1/2.
Wool—Fine 36c 1/2.
Extra S. C. bams 13 lbs. and over 13c 1/2, do do 13
to 15 lbs 14c 1/2, S. C. shoulders 10.
LOCK HAVEN MARKET.—Butter, 12 to 15c per
pound; potatoes, 8c per bushel; chickens 60 to
80c per pair; lard 16c per pound; apple butter,
50c per gallon; corn 80c per bushel; eggs 18 to
20; cabbage plants, 10c per dozen; onion sets 8c
per quart; tomato plants, 15c per dozen; oats, 80c
per bushel.
SPRING MILLS MARKET.
Wheat—Red—1 1/2c 1/2 00
Rye—1 1/2c 1/2 00
Corn, shelled, and ears new 60c 1/2
Oats—1 1/2c 1/2 00
Buckwheat—1 1/2c 1/2 00
Barley—1 1/2c 1/2 00
Cloverseed—75c 1/2 00
Timothy seed—1 1/2c 1/2 00
Plaster, ground per ton—9 00
Flour, per barrel—5 00
Butter, 15c 1/2, tallow, 6c 1/2, lard, 13c 1/2, min,
15; shoulders, 12; bacon or side, 12;
eggs per dozen, 14 cents.
Corrected weekly by I. J. Greenoble.
COAL.—Poa, 2, 3; Chestnut, 4, 5; Stone, 5, 6;
Egg, 4, 5.
D. E. G. W. KLINE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Potters Mills, Pa.
All calls, day and night, promptly at-
tended. Has had several years succe-
ful practice. 11June6m

MANY PERSONS KILLED.
Scutari, June 8.—A powder magazine
here was struck by lightning to-day and a
tremendous explosion resulted, many per-
sons being killed.
Troy, N. Y., June 8.—During a fire in
some barns at East Chazy, Clinton county
this morning a father and son named Cush-
ing were burned to death.
The Gaiety theatre, Manchester, has
been burned.

HORRIBLE CRIME OF A WOMAN.
Fall City, Feb. 6, June 7.—The arrest yester-
day of Mrs. Mary Ferron, charged with
murdering her husband by pouring oil up-
on him while asleep and then igniting his
clothes, produces most intense excitement.
Her object was to marry another man and
she has part y confessed.
Timothy Kelly, one of the Invincibles,
was hanged.

HARD FACTS AND PLENTY.

Oak Hall is simply a great retail Clothing House—the greatest of its kind in the country. Our Clothing is made upon honor. We would be worse than fools to expect to build and hold a business upon other than honest goods at the least prices. We neither hold nor buy the remains of whole-sale stocks to run off at retail, but make every garment to sell direct to the wearer, under our cast-iron guarantee, a bond of good faith original with us and perfectly well known to everybody in the vicinity.

NO PRICES REDUCED.

We are not advertising reduced prices, but we are in position to offer the best bargains in Spring Clothing of every sort and upon many items very great bargains. In a very true sense all our

PRICES ARE REDUCED.

Nineteen full lines of Men's Suits	at	\$10.00
One full line of Men's Suits	at	8.00
One full line of Men's Suits	at	8.00
Two full lines of Men's Suits	at	7.00
Nine full lines of Youths' Suits	at	10.00
Six full lines of Youths' Suits	at	9.00
One full line of Youths' Suits	at	7.00
Two full lines of Large Boys' Suits	at	4.00
One full line of Large Boys' Suits	at	4.00
Two full lines of Large Boys' Suits	at	6.00
Five full lines of Large Boys' Suits	at	7.00
Two full lines of Small Boys' Suits	at	3.50
Two full lines of Small Boys' Suits	at	4.50
Three full lines of Small Boys' Suits	at	5.00

This small list represents nearly five thousand suits of Clothing. If we told the whole story we would need the whole newspaper.

Twenty-two years Oak Hall has been serving the public, and in all that time has never offered a stronger inducement for trade than this.

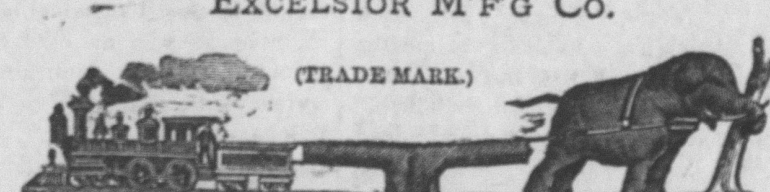
WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, S. E. COR. SIXTH AND MARKET STS., PHILA.

IN THIS SPIRIT ALL VISITORS ARE RECEIVED AT THE BEE HIVE ONE PRICE STORES. Whether you intend to purchase or are only

EXCELSIOR M'FG Co.

(TRADE MARK.)



JUST STOP & THINK!

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ONE OF THE BEST AND EASIEST WAYS TO SAVE

"Hard Earned Wealth"

IS TO BUY WHERE YOU CAN GET THE

Best Goods for the Least Money?

Of course you know it, and in order that you may know that we know it, we want to remind you that we are now offering at

Rediculously Low Prices!

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF

CLOTHING!

AND

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS.

HATS, HATS, CAPS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c., &c.

A Hat given to every purchaser of a child's suit or boy's suit—for 30 days only.

—O—

An examination of our goods and a knowledge of our prices will convince you that we are telling you the

Plain, Unvarnished Truth!

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AND TEST THE TRUTH OF OUR REMARKS.

—O—

KEYSTONE Clothing Co.,

MICHAEL LEVI & CO.,
Reynolds' Opera House, Allegheny Street, BELLEFONTE.
21Apr8m

Goldsmith Bro's

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

In this spirit all visitors are received at the BEE HIVE ONE PRICE STORES. Whether you intend to purchase or are only

In fact the better a person is acquainted with prices and goods elsewhere, the more certain

WE ARE TO SECURE THEIR PATRONAGE

Nothing is better known to the community at large than that for low prices and excellent variety of goods that we

TAKE THE LEAD

Over and Above All Other Competitors. DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS, DOMESTICS, LINENS, RIBBONS, LACES, HOSIERY, NOTIONS, DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS, DOMESTICS, LINENS, RIBBONS, LACES, HOSIERY, NOTIONS.

CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS.

Merchant Tailoring, Gents Furnishing Goods, HATS & CAPS, T UNKS & SATCHELS

Also Manufacturers of the celebrated "Bee Hive Overalls,"—Best in the World.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS

BEE HIVE ONE PRICE STORES!

Bellefonte, Pa.

N. B.—Don't lose sight of the fact that we are still retelling carpets 25 per cent cheaper than they can be bought else, where